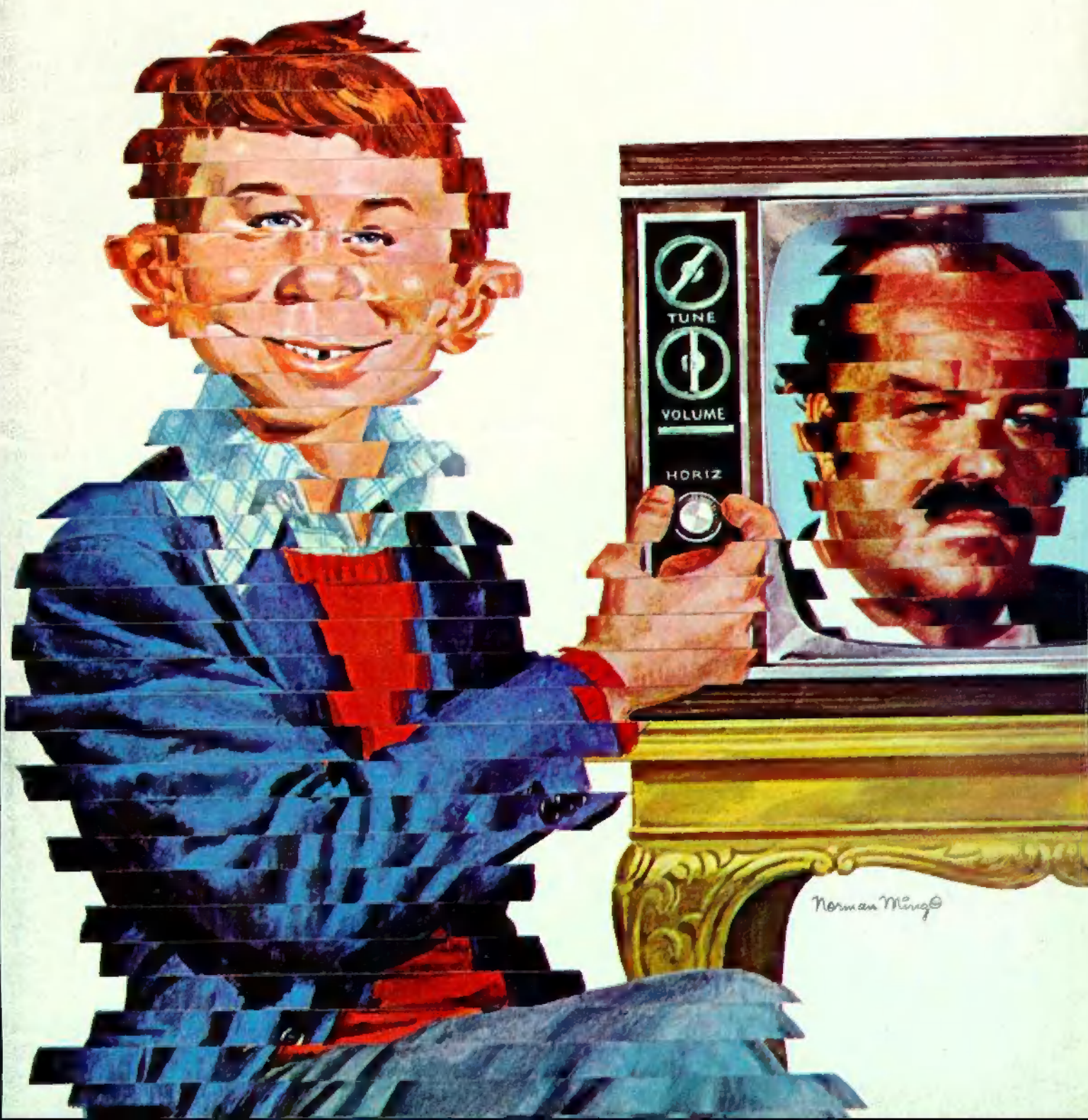
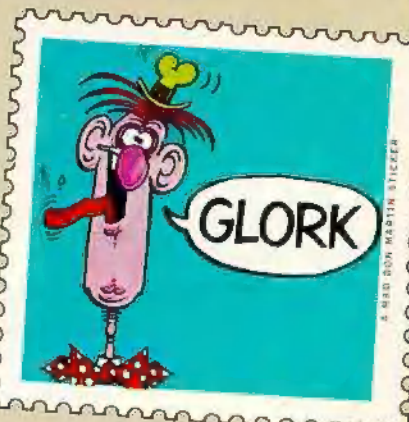


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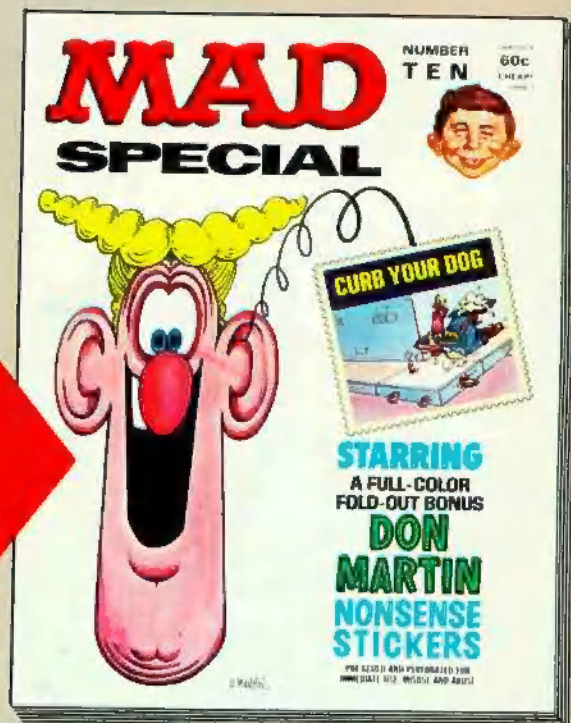
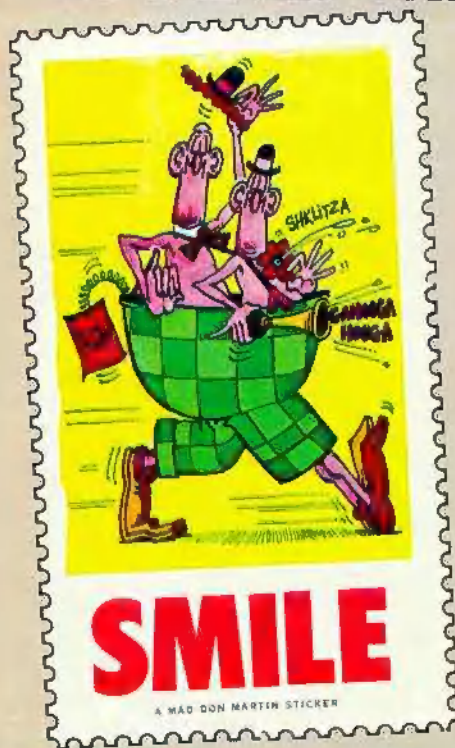




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CURTIS ANDERSON, DAVID FRAZIER subscriptions

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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WHICH
REMINDS
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RELIGIOUS
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A MODERN
RELIGIOUS
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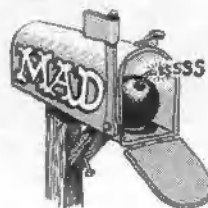
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LETTERS DEPT.



MAD TV VIEWERS HATE BOOK

I thoroughly enjoyed Al Jaffee's "MAD TV Viewers Hate Book." I hate getting totally involved in a TV movie and when the good part comes my mother makes me go to bed. I'm twelve.

Jim Flax
Miami, Fla.

Thanks to Al Jaffee, I now go deeper into nausea when I see those idiotic commercials he depicted.

Carl Fazzari
Ozone Park, N.Y.

After reading Al Jaffee's "MAD TV Viewers Hate Book," I turned off my set ... permanently!

Lisa Gray
Greensboro, N.C.

STILL THE SAME OLD GAS!

Your NIXXON mini-poster occupies a prominent place on my wall with your other political gems.

Phyllis Blattstein
New York, N.Y.

THE POWERS THAT BE

America is using up more energy than it produces, but MAD produces more energy than it uses.

Zoe Waldron
Sea Cliff, N.Y.

"COLUMBO" CATCHES UP WITH MAD

Just the other day I was sayin' to my wife: Those guys at MAD sure get away with murder!

Peter Falk
as "Columbo"
Hollywood, Calif.

REWRITING YOUR WAY TO A PH.D.

If I had any contact or influence with whoever publishes the annual anthologies of best short stories, or best humor, I would recommend Tom Koch's "Ph.D." to them without hesitation. Robert Benchley couldn't have done better in his day!

The Rev. Wm. Sorrells
Watertown, Conn.

Tom Koch possesses a gift for parodying truth with truth!

Emory Damron
Arlington, Va.

Thoroughly enjoyed "Rewriting Your Way To A Ph.D."

Mrs. Bishop
Thesis Editor
Iowa State U.
Ames, Iowa.

You just ruined my chances by divulging students' "trade secrets." I recently received my Master's Degree, but now that the college professors know of the time-honored tradition of rewriting ancient crud, I'll never get my Ph.D.

Nora Chermak
Bemidji State College
Bemidji, Minn.

"MAD WORLD OF WILLIAM M. GAINES"

Just saw a copy of the Gaines biography. It probably will be a highly stolen book.

J. B. Post
The Free Library
of Philadelphia
Philadelphia, Pa.

PATTERNS OF SPEECH

Artist Bob Clarke should take some lessons in spider-web weaving. In "Patterns Of Speech," he has a spider-web of separate, concentric circles going around the "spokes." Spiders make their webs by spinning their webs a continuous spiral around the "spokes." I showed that pattern to a spider in my house, and he almost died laughing.

Kenneth Mikulina
Chicago, Ill.



"THE NEW COMEDIANS"

I had never the urge to write to you, until "The New Comedians." It was a fantastic bust of "The New Centurions." And I am in the Police Academy. If that's the way it's going to be, I think I'll "cop" out!

Pam Millick
St. Louis, Mo.

As a policeman myself, plus a lifetime reader of MAD, I believe your attempt at satire was cruel and unjust. There are bad policemen and good, but unfortunately only the bad get recognized. Such men and women, who shame the many Departments and Forces, are a small percentage as compared to the ratio of percentage of corruption in other lines of work, from politicians to factory workers. All we ask is a little respect and help.

Bill Foster
Virginia Beach P.D.,
Virginia

I couldn't stop laughing at "The New Comedians." But seriously, folks...

Keith McNevins
Roselle Park, N.J.

TYPICAL LIBERAL FAMILY INTERVIEW

In "MAD Interviews A Typical Liberal Family," Lou Silverstone conveyed a simple but true fact about our society's so called do-gooders and progressives.

Robert J. Braden
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

Lou Silverstone and Paul Coker's incisive five pages of William M. Bugeyes calling on the Heartbleeds of New Leftchester is nothing short of Addison and Steele genius. As the essayist Addison put it, "Satires that are written with wit and spirit, are like poisoned darts, which not only inflict a wound, but make it incurable." This excellent article should have been your *lead*, instead of the inconsequential "New... ugh!... Comedians."

Maureen McCaffrey
Pelham Manor, N.Y.

As soon as I find out the "Liberal position" on Lou Silverstone's article, I'll let you know whether I enjoyed it or not.

Les Abromovitz
Pittsburgh, Pa.

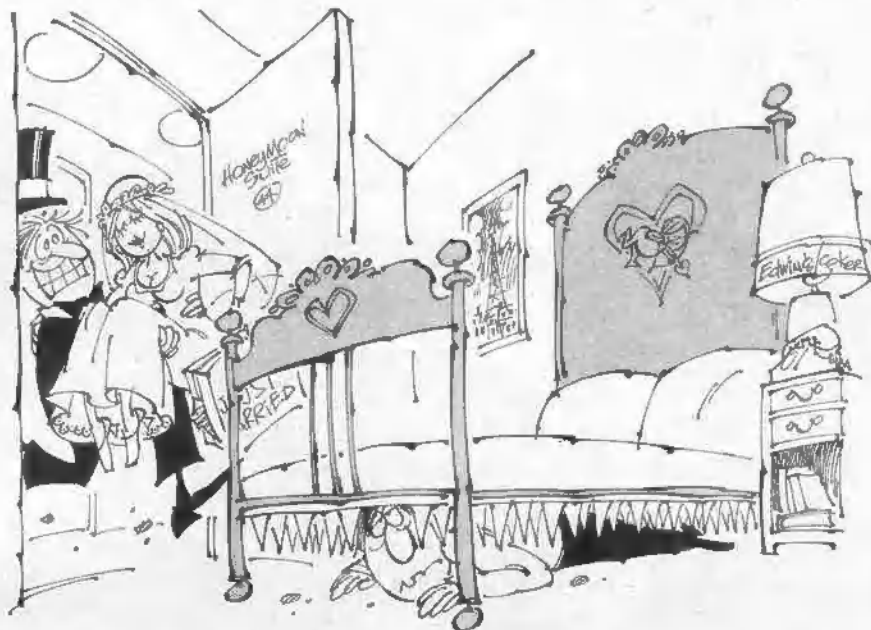
"THE MAD SHOW" SCRIPT AVAILABLE

After many requests and inquiries, we wish to announce that the Stock and Amateur Rights to THE MAD SHOW, the longest running Musical Revue in the history of the off-Broadway theatre, have been released to the general public. This means you can now present THE MAD SHOW in your own School, Church, Temple, Community or Summer Theatre, Club or backyard. For a copy of the script, and information as to how you can go about securing the Rights, just send two bucks to:

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Yep, at the bottom of these hysterically funny subscription pitches, we always leave room to let you know that the full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me-Worry?" kid — suitable for framing, or training puppies — are still available! And if we can clean out the office they're stored in, we would save on the rent! So send 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, \$1.00 for 9, \$2.00 for 27 or \$4.00 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, New York 10022

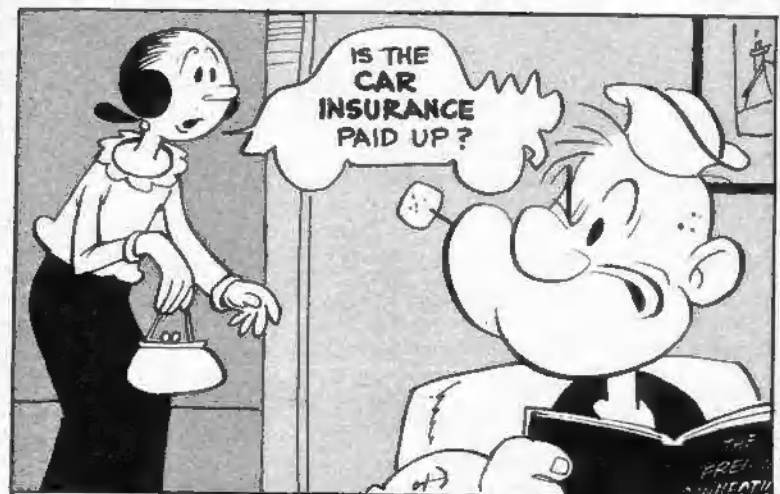
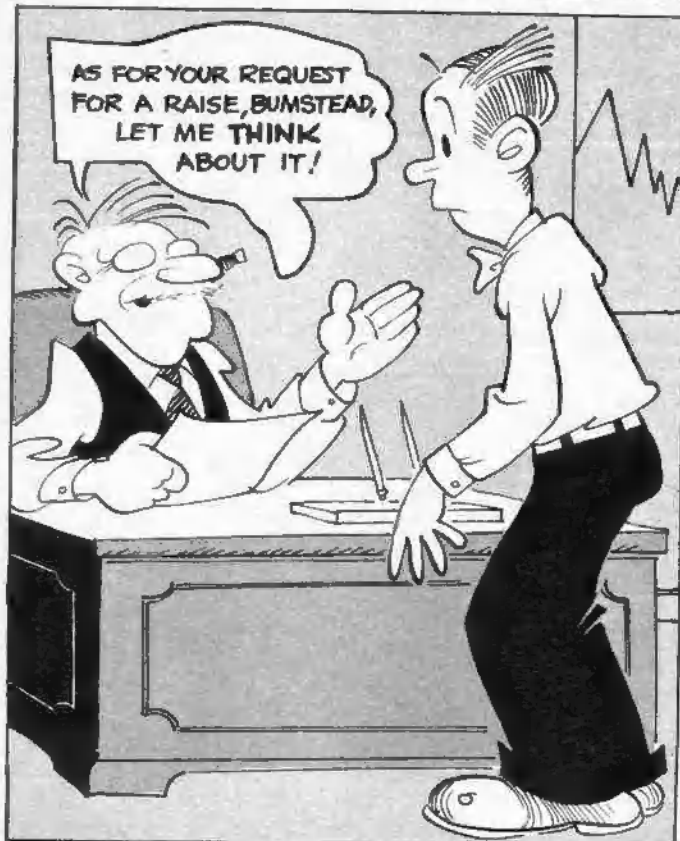
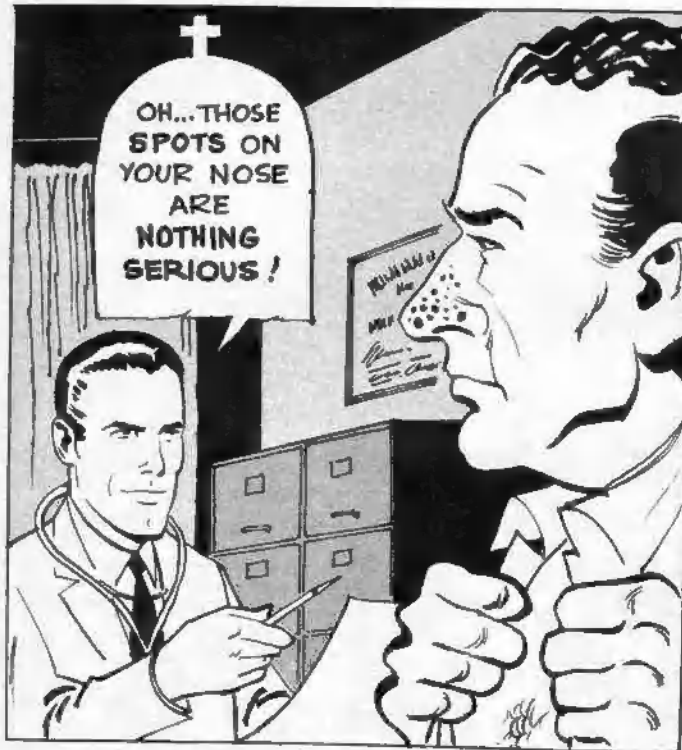


TRUE-TO-FORM DEPT.

Today, everything is psychologically oriented. Books, movies, plays . . . all probe their characters' innermost thoughts and emotions. Which may be one reason why Syndicated

TELL-TALE COMIC

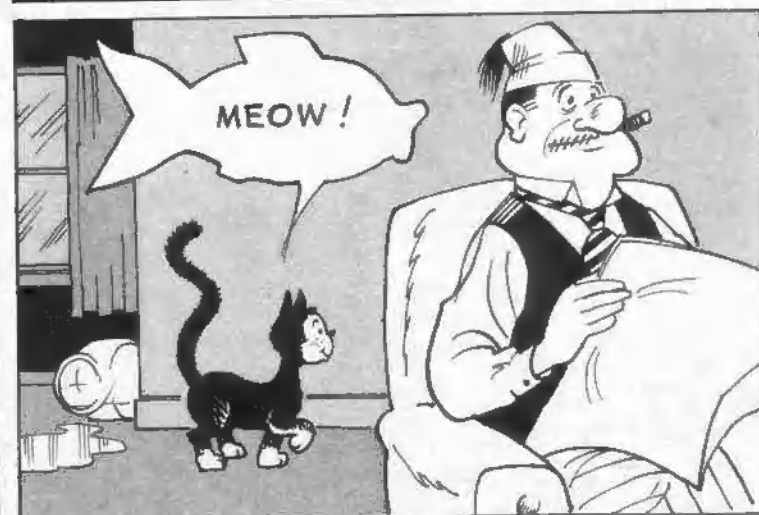
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

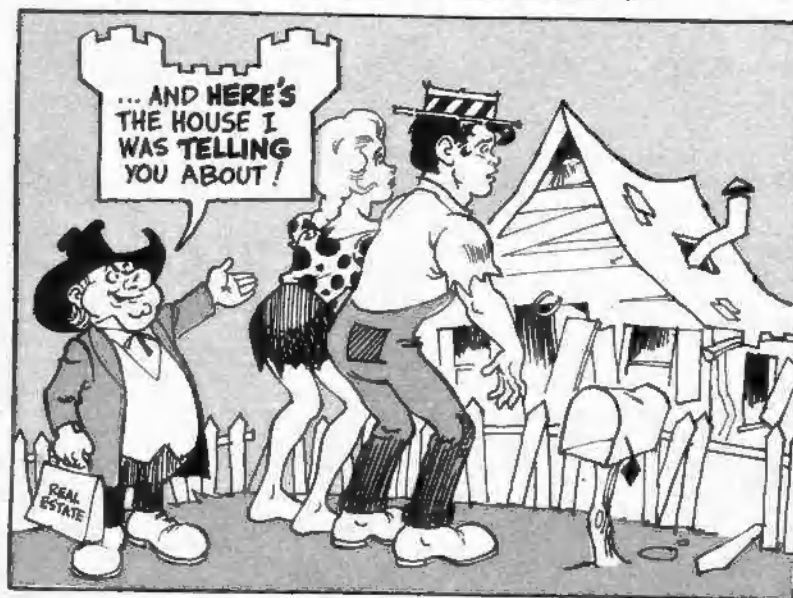
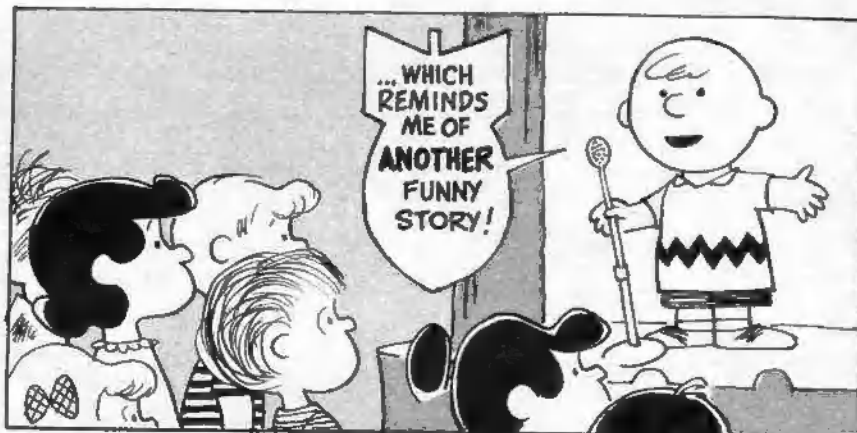


Comic Strips are slowly fading from the American scene. It may be that they lack this psychological depth. So why not add a new Freudian dimension to Comic Strips by using

STRIP BALLOONS

WRITER: DON EDWING





THE FAT'S ON THE FIRE DEPT.

The creative geniuses at the Television Networks seem to be hung up on a new trend: **Handicapped TV Detectives**. Witness "Ironside" (Crippled!), "Longstreet" (Blind!), "Columbo" (Mentally Retarded!), "Banacek" (Polish—a handicap if there ever was one!) and *this* guy... a Private Eye with the biggest handicap of them all—Overweight! And what's a better name for our MAD version of this fat, roly-poly TV Detective who packs a gun than...

CANNONBALL



Are you Mr. Cannonball?

No... I'm the Thin Man with a gland condition! What's on your mind?

My Husband has been murdered! The bullet came from my gun! I have no alibi, and I've collected a lot of Insurance Money! But I didn't do it! Do you believe me?

Of course I do...

You do...?!

Sure! I mean, if you're not telling the truth, Santa won't bring you anything for Christmas, will he?!

I guess if you believe ONE crazy story, you'll believe ANYTHING!! Should I go on...?

No...! First, I must have a little soup! Will you join me?

Why, yes! How kind of you to ask! I'm starved! What kind of soup is it?

It's my very own special gourmet creation! Cream of Rutabaga soup!

Er... like I said, I just had a huge meal!



ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Tell me, Mrs. Bag, how did your Husband...

Why, you called me "Mrs. Bag"... and I didn't even introduce myself!

I'm a Detective, ALMA... and I'm trained to make observations! Actually, I saw the tag on your pocketbook!

My name's Mary West! Alma Bag is the name of the company that MADE my pocketbook! See...?

Forgive me! I've made that mistake only once before! I thought a man wearing a very expensive-looking suit was named "Robert Hall"!

But getting back to your Husband, Mrs. West, did he have any enemies?

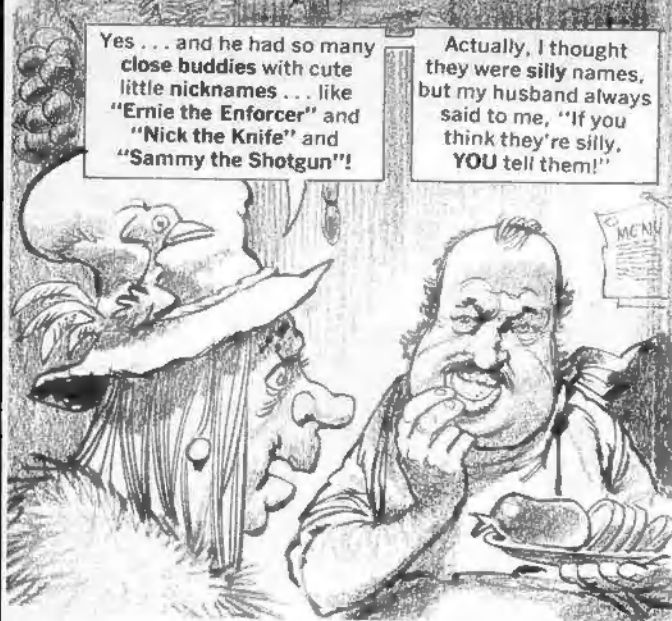
No, he was loved by everyone he knew, especially in his business!

What kind of business was that?

He ran a Non-Union Shop on the waterfront!

Oh, yeah! That can lead to a lot of love!





Yes... and he had so many close buddies with cute little nicknames... like "Ernie the Enforcer" and "Nick the Knife" and "Sammy the Shotgun"!

Actually, I thought they were silly names, but my husband always said to me, "If you think they're silly, YOU tell them!"



Would you like a little wine?

Oh, I adore wine! Is it white... or red?

It's tan!
TAN WINE?!

It's another one of my concoctions! It's the only wine that goes with Cream of Rutabaga soup!

Like I said, wine makes me ill!



Will you take the case?

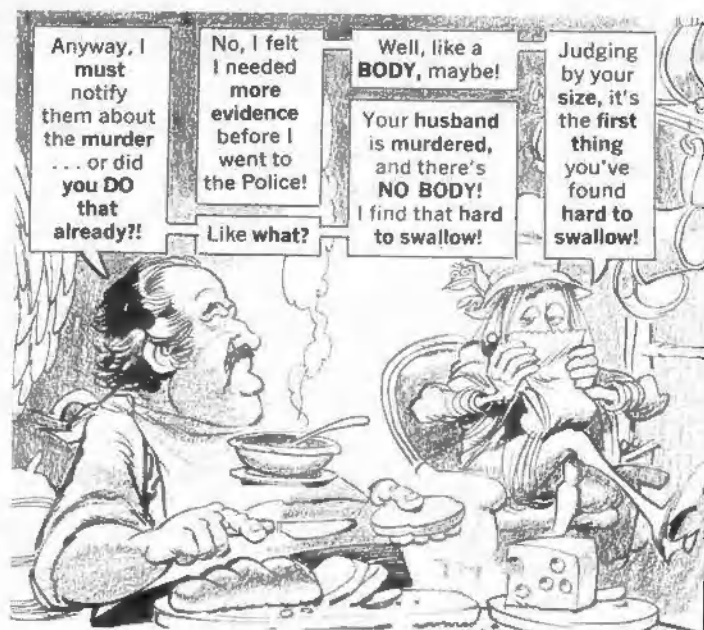
Not the wine! MY case!

The regular Police are on MAIN Street!

No... just **ONE BOTTLE** with a meal is quite enough for me!

Okay, but I must warn you! Even though I'm a Private Detective, I work very closely with the regular Police on Elm Street!

Okay... so I **DON'T** work so closely with the Police!



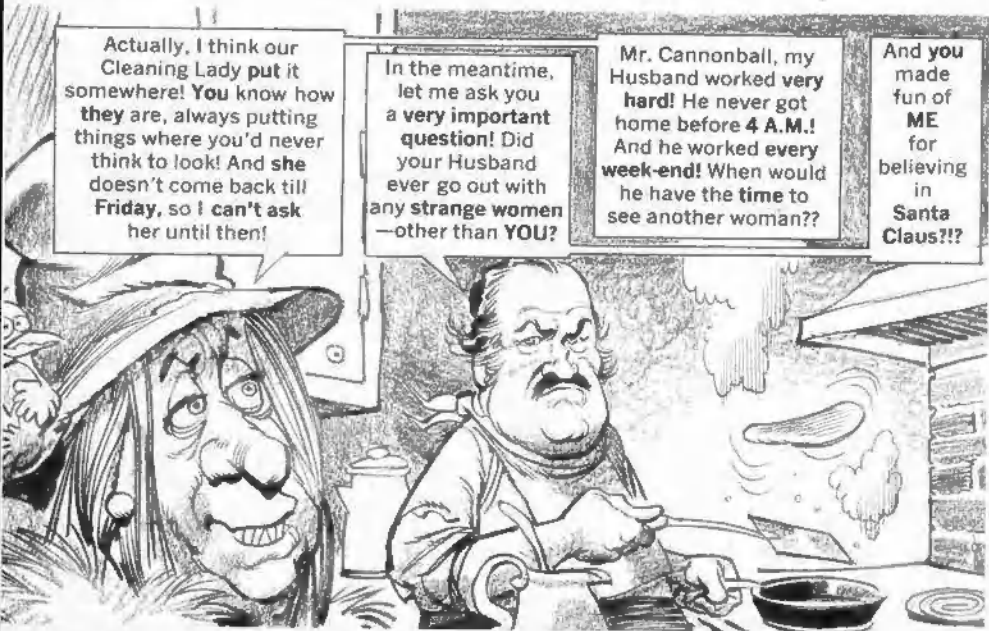
Anyway, I must notify them about the murder... or did you **DO** that already?!

No, I felt I needed more evidence before I went to the Police!

Well, like a **BODY**, maybe!

Your husband is murdered, and there's **NO BODY**! I find that hard to swallow!

Judging by your size, it's the first thing you've found hard to swallow!

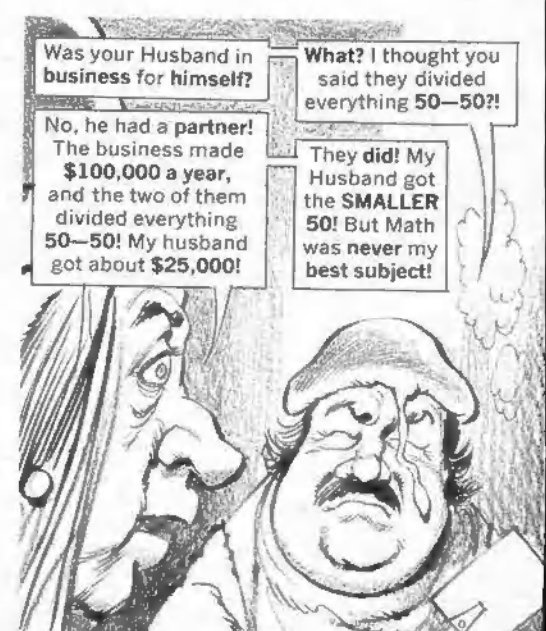


Actually, I think our Cleaning Lady put it somewhere! You know how they are, always putting things where you'd never think to look! And she doesn't come back till Friday, so I can't ask her until then!

In the meantime, let me ask you a very important question! Did your Husband ever go out with any strange women—other than YOU?

Mr. Cannonball, my Husband worked very hard! He never got home before 4 A.M.! And he worked every week-end! When would he have the time to see another woman??

And you made fun of ME for believing in Santa Claus???



Was your Husband in business for himself?

What? I thought you said they divided everything 50-50?!

No, he had a partner! The business made \$100,000 a year, and the two of them divided everything 50-50! My husband got about \$25,000!

They did! My Husband got the **SMALLER 50**! But Math was never my best subject!



You cover it up **very well!**

Mrs. West, I'm going to pay
■ call on your **Husband's**
business partner! Something
is definitely **NOT KOSHER!**

How could it be?
My Husband's
partner's name
is **Rocko**
Pastapizza!

I do the
comedy
routines
on the
program,
Mrs. West!

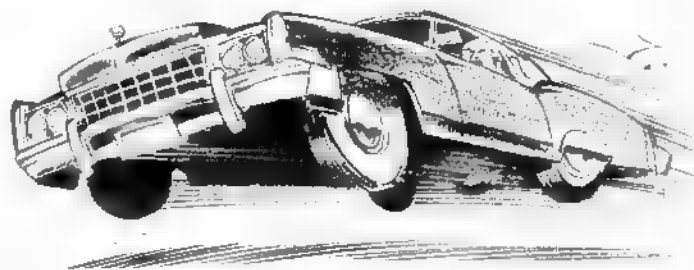
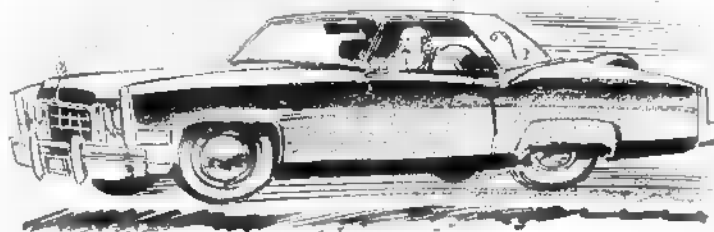
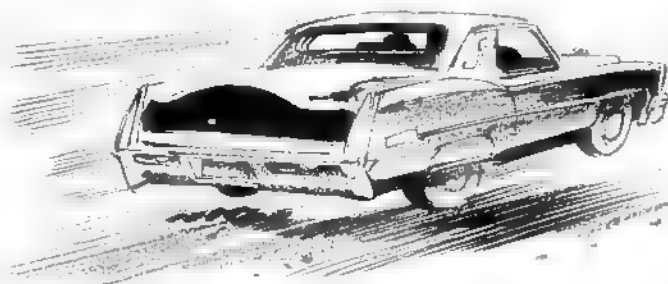
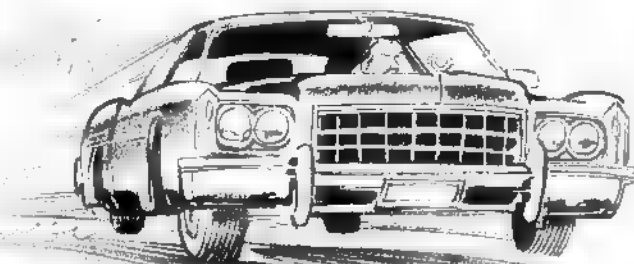


I know! I've seen
you use your **Karate!**
It's a little broad,
but it's **very funny!**
Mr. Cannonball, we
haven't discussed
your **FEE** yet!

Er—I **never** talk about
fees, Mrs. West, except
in **total secrecy!** I do
not want information like
that to leak out to any
undesirable persons!

Like the
Underworld?

No, like
the **Internal**
Revenue
Service!



Okay,
Mack!
Pull
that
load
over
to the
side!

Sure! And how
about my **CAR?**
Just a little
of my famous
dry humor to
brighten up
your day!

So how
come
it
suddenly
looks
like
rain?!

Officer, you can't give
me ■ **summons** because
I **haven't** broken any **laws!**
And if you're selling
tickets to the **Policemen's**
Ball, I'm afraid that my
Dance Card is all filled!

Oh, yeah?!

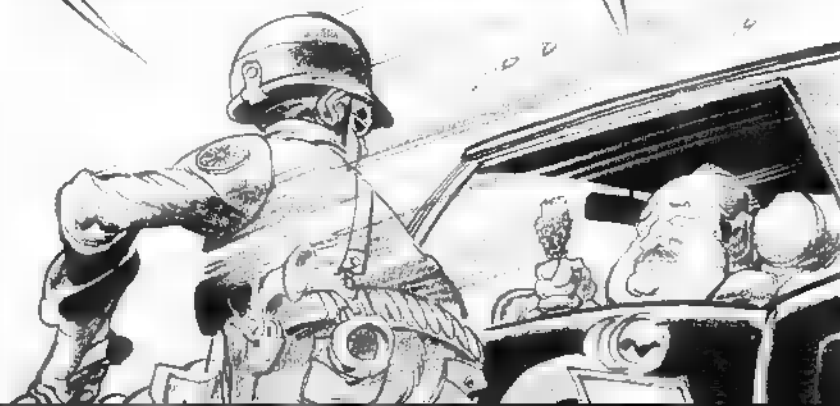
Well,
I
COULD
run you
in for
Attempted
Humor!

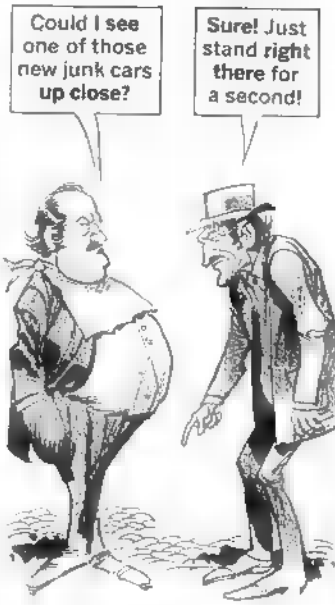
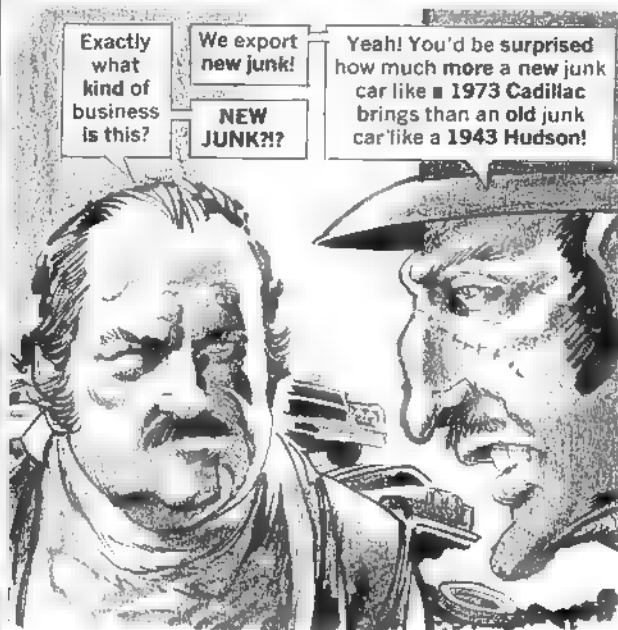
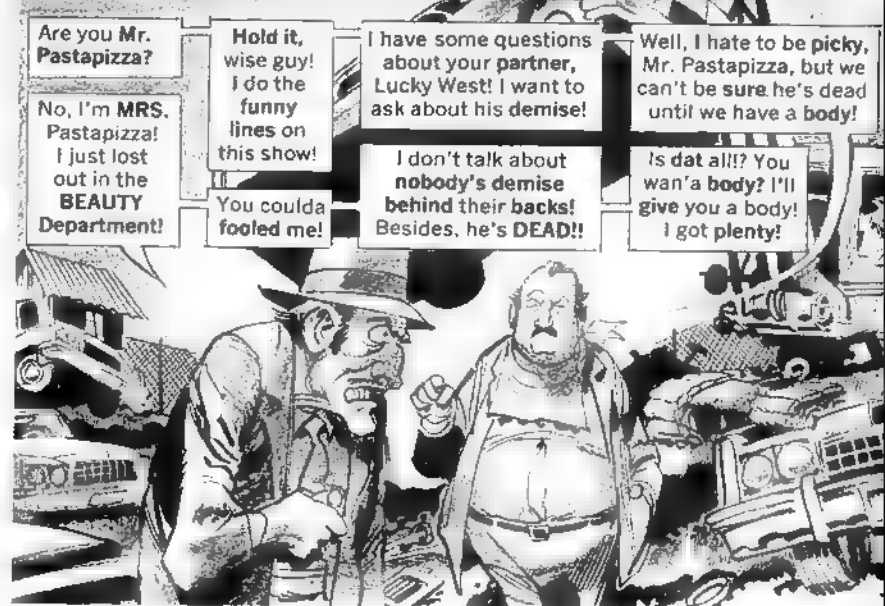
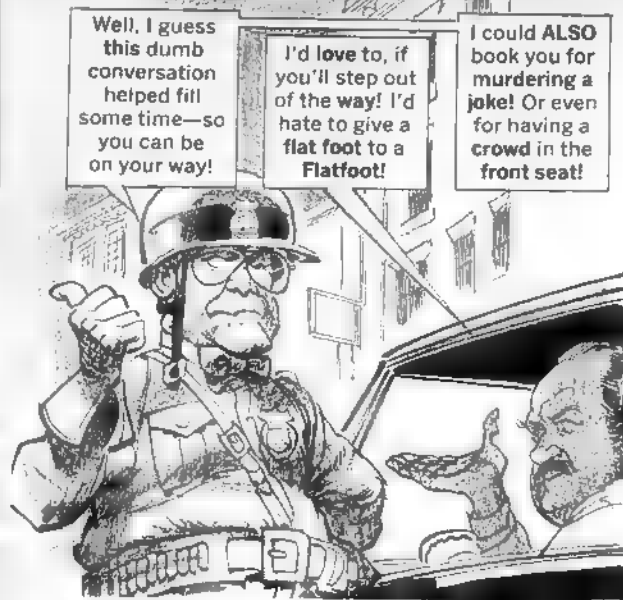
Actually,
I stopped
you out of
curiosity!
How come
you drove
around this
same block
six times?

Oh, well, you
see, I'm a **TV**
Detective, and
every week, I
have this great
half-hour story
to tell!

Yeah! So...?

So it's an **HOUR**
SHOW! I have to
do **SOMETHING**
to fill the time!
So I do about
30 minutes of
"driving around
while looking
grim" each week!





Your crane operator seems to be having a bad day!

I can SEE that! Would you mind standing on this big "X" while I go talk to him?

Quite frankly, Mr. Pastapizza, I smell a rat!

Naw... it always smells like dis at low tide!

What I mean is, I think I'm getting close to something that someone doesn't want me to find out... and NOW that someone wants to KILL me!

Does that mean you ain't gonna stand on the "X"??

That means that I'm going to get to the bottom of this case!

If I were you, I'd lay off... or you're gonna get to the bottom of the river!

I could book you for intimidation for that remark!

Intimidation?? Just for asking if you'd like to go for a dip?

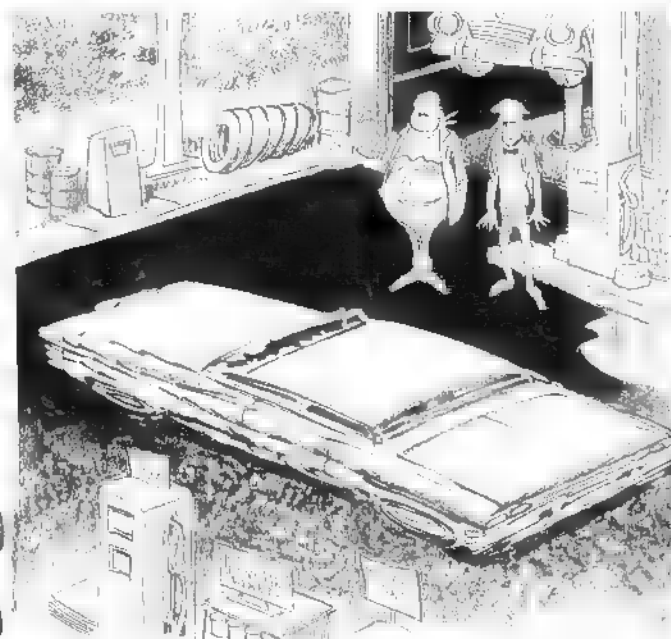
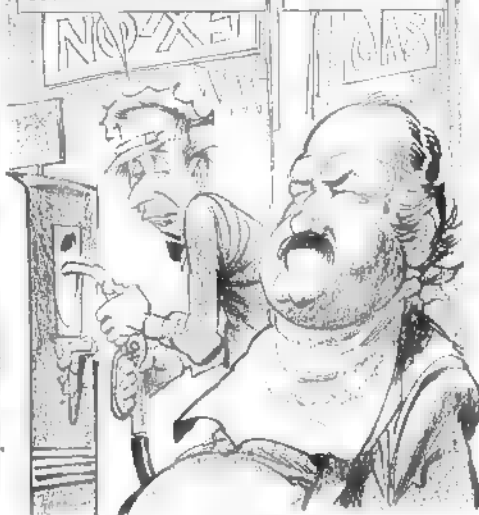
You'll hear from me! Now where is my car?



Young man, I wonder if you can fix a flat...?

Sure! Which tire is it?

It's NONE of the tires! It's the whole CAR that's flat!!



Well, Lt.? Were you able to dig up anything we could hang on Rocko Pastapizza?

Yeh! He's passed bad checks, pushed drugs, hi-jacked trucks and held up a few banks... but nothing he could go to JAIL for these days!

You'd think after all these years, he'd make one slip—like parking next to a fire hydrant!

Any leads on his company, Shady Deal Enterprises?

No! We've tried sending out investigators from time to time, but they all keep coming back with this unreal fear of FALLING CARS!!

Hello, Mrs. West! I see you're baking a pie!

I know just what that pie can use! First, some lemon...

But...

Then some sugar... and then a little nutmeg!

But...

You'll see how that brings out the flavor of your fruit pie!

But I'm making a PIZZA PIE!!



You mentioned collecting the **Insurance Money** on your **Husband's death, Mrs. West!** Tell me, exactly **HOW MUCH?**

It was a **\$500,000** policy, divided equally between Mr. Pastapizza, his business partner, and myself!

Divided equally, that would be **\$100,000** for you . . . and **\$300,000** for Mr. Pastapizza!

Mr. Cannonball, your Math is as bad as mine! **\$125,000** for me and only **\$375,000** for him!



The finger of suspicion seems to point more and more to Mr. Rocko Pastapizza! I think I'll drop by his office and have another chat with him! I should be able to drive there in—say—**20 minutes!**

Oh . . . I think so! It's only in the next block!



Hello . . . Mobile Operator? Please connect me with **The Candlewood Inn Steak House!**

Candlewood Inn Steak House . . .

Hi! This is Frank Cannonball! I'd like you to deliver a thick **filet mignon**—rare—and a large salad with **blue cheese dressing!**

Very good, Sir! And where shall we deliver it . . . ?

River Avenue and 136th Street . . . Er . . . make that **137th Street . . .** No, **139th Street**—I mean, **140th** . . . Would you believe **141st Street!?!?**



Now, that's what I call class! A **Secretary** having a **white wine** with lunch!

No, don't tell me! Let me taste it! Ah—it's a **Pinot Blanc '63!**

I know **A Santa Clara '68!** No . . . it's a **7-Up '73!**

Oh, Well! Those two always tasted so much alike to me!



Now, what can I do for you, Mr. Gourmet?

I'm here to see Mr. Rocko Pastapizza! Tell him his little game is UP!

So's his **BIG game!** He's dead!

DEAD!?!? Was it from natural causes!

Yeah, they found him in a room filled with **NATURAL GAS!!**



Gee, I'm really doing a lot of driving in this episode! I wonder if I should tell **CBS** I could easily fill up a **90-MINUTE SHOW . . .** like "**Clodumbo**" and "**McCluck**" and "**Makemillions and Wife**" and "**Hack Ramsnose**" are doing?!



Are you the Maid?

No, I'm the Black Sheep of the family!

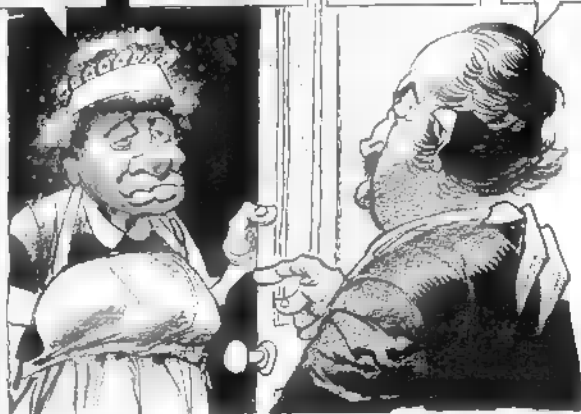
I do the jokes!

Yeah?! Well, I bet I get a hell of a lot more laughs with that "Black Sheep" line than you do!

Where's Mrs. West! Her little game is UP!

So's her BIG game! She's dead!!

Boy, there sure is a lot of that going around!



Don't tell me! She died from NATURAL GAS!

No... from fresh air!

Fresh air poisoning?

Not exactly! A window air conditioner fell on her!

Did she say anything before she died?

Yeah! She said, "ARRGGGGHH..." "GGGAGGHH..." "GACCCKKK..." and "GURGGLE!"



I'm really going to miss her!

Did you know her long?

Not long enough to get my feet! This is the 23rd episode where the person who hires me gets it before I can collect a cent! The next case I take, I'm gonna ask for the bread UP FRONT!!



Would you like something to eat? I've got Southern Fried Chicken, black-eyed peas, candied yams and chit'lin's, and pecan pie!

Sounds delicious... but I don't smell anything COOKING!

I had it sent in!

That's just what I thought, MR. WEST!!



MR. West!?! How did you know? Was it my white arms that gave me away?

No...!

No...!

My long pants under my dress??

Well, what was it, then??

REALLY, Mr. West! A BLACK MAID... ordering SOUL FOOD to be SENT IN!?! Ridiculous!!



What a disgrace to the World of Crime I must be! It doesn't take a razor-sharp District Attorney to expose my Insurance Money Fraud! I'm nailed by a MALE JULIA CHILD!!

I assume you'll be taking me down to the Station House, Mr. Cannonball?

In a little while, Mr. West! But first, you've given me an idea! Now—where're my recipes for Southern Fried Chicken, black-eyed peas, candied yams and chit'lins...?!



DISTINCTIVE WEDDIN

FROM A LIBERATED WOMAN

Ms. Samantha Rustgrease
Unequivocally Announces
The Satisfactory Signing
Of a Marriage Contract
With
Harvey (nee Schnook) Rustgrease
The Details of Which
Include
Separate Bank Accounts,
Separate Apartments
And a Bill of Rights to Cover
The Couple's Contrasting
Life Styles
And Visiting Rights with Each Other
Tuesdays and Alternate Fridays

FROM A LIBERATED MAN

Monte McHugh
Is Tickled Pink to Announce
After Four Years of Paying
Nine Hundred and Fifty Dollars per Month
In Alimony
He Can Swing Again
Following the Marriage of His Ex-Wife
Belinda
To T. Bascomb Schlepp

FROM LOYAL PARENTS

Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Farfel
Feel Compelled to Announce
The Rather Hastily Arranged Marriage
Of Their Daughter
Melba
To Fortune-Hunter Pierre LaDrecque
In The Maternity Ward Chapel
Mercy Hospital
On Wednesday, the Eighteenth of April
Nineteen Hundred and Seventy-Three

FROM PROUD PARENTS



Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Mumbleman
Not To Be Outdone
By The Fliegheim Wedding Last Year
Proudly Announce The Social Event
Of The Decade
The Marriage Of
Their Delight, Their Darling
Rosalie
To Future Supreme Court Judge Ronald Scurmley
The Cost of the Entire Affair
To Exceed Fourteen Thousand Dollars
Not Counting the Price
Of Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops
The Cast of "Holiday On Ice"
The Flying Wallendas
And George Jessel
On Sunday, the Tenth of June
Nineteen Hundred and Seventy-Three
Madison Square Garden

FROM HAPPY PARENTS



Mr. Monroe Spritzer
President of Spritzer Industries
And His Wife, Jeanine,
Realizing the Slim Chance
Of Ever Unloading
Their Fat, Stupid Mouth of a Daughter
Estelle
Are Pleased to Announce
The Acceptance of
Marvin Glieb
As Husband and Executive Vice-President
Through an Agreement Signed
On Tuesday, the Sixth of February
Nineteen Hundred and Seventy-Three



G ANNOUNCEMENTS

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

FROM DISTRESSED PARENTS



Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Dinwiddie
Have No Choice but to Announce
The Nude Wedding
And Subsequent Orgy
Of Their Daughter
Quandra
To Milton ("The Head") Eggblatt
At High Noon
On Monday, the Twenty-Eighth of May
Nineteen Hundred and Seventy-Three
Times Square

FROM A FUTURE BRIDE

Miss Veronica Hotstrut
Is Pleased to Announce
That Despite her Impending Marriage
To Eighty-Two-Year-Old
Zinc Tycoon
G. Godfrey Grint
She is Still Very Much in Action

FROM A MAFIA CHIEF



Don Vittorio Collazo
Founder, Godfather
And Supreme Being
Of The Collazo Family
Regrets to Announce
The Permanent Postponement
Of The Wedding of his Daughter
Maria
Owing to the Sudden Disappearance
Of Bridegroom Carlo Lambretti
East River
On Tuesday, the Eighth of January
Nineteen Hundred and Seventy-Three

FROM VERY DISTRESSED PARENTS

Mr. and Mrs. S. Thaddeus Wicks
Announce the Disowning
Of Their Daughter
Clarice
Following Her Marriage to
Igor ("God") Mishkin
And Apostles
Cosmo Calhoun and
Lester ("Speed") Quigley
Sometime Last Year
At the
Children of the Enchanted Flower Commune
Taos, New Mexico

FROM A DELIGHTED COUPLE

Gloria and Harold Himbersham
Are Overjoyed to Announce
That Gloria's Widowed Mother
Gertrude Grintz
After Living With Them
For Eight Horrible Years
Has, Following a West Indies Cruise,
Landed a Second Husband
Retired Furrier Morris Blemish
And Will Move Immediately,
Thank God,
From Their House in Connecticut
To a Condominium
In Fort Lauderdale

FROM TOTALLY DISTRESSED PARENTS



Major General and Mrs. Styles Wilberforce
Are Forced by the Rules of Etiquette
To Announce the Marriage
Of Their Only Son
Charles
To Herman Raffensberger

FROM A GOSSIP COLUMNIST

Waldo ["Broadway Beat"] Wickles
And B.W. (Beautiful Wife)
Reveal it's Wedding Bells
For Daughter Esther
Who'll Middle-Aisle It
With Lance Freebish
(He's the Blintz Biggie)
Around Noonish This Saddy
St. Pat's
(Remember—you heard it here first!)

FROM AN ESPIONAGE AGENT

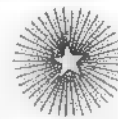
K341 AND "SUNFLOWER"
CAUTIOUSLY DISCLOSE
THE CARRYING OUT OF
"OPERATION ALTAR"
INVOLVING THE APPARENT MARRIAGE
OF THEIR DAUGHTER
"TOPAZ"
TO DOUBLE AGENT H87
AT THE APPOINTED HOUR
AT THE USUAL PLACE
UNLESS FOLLOWED

FROM A BRITISH NOBLEMAN



His Grace
The Duke of Flutney
Fifty-Seventh in Line to the British Throne
Is Relieved to Announce
The End of His Impoverishment
And the Rescue of his Ancestral Home
Rancid Oaks
From Creditors
Following his Marriage of Convenience
To American Lord Heiress
Mary Jane Muncrief
On Sunday, the Fifteenth of April
Nineteen Hundred and Seventy-Three

FROM A FILM STAR



Renowned Motion Picture Star
And International Beauty
Rhonda Vapp
Is Delighted To Announce
Her Sixth Marriage
To Oilman Clint Sturdley
On Sunday The Tenth Of December
Nineteen Hundred And Seventy-Three

FROM A PRO FOOTBALL TEAM OWNER



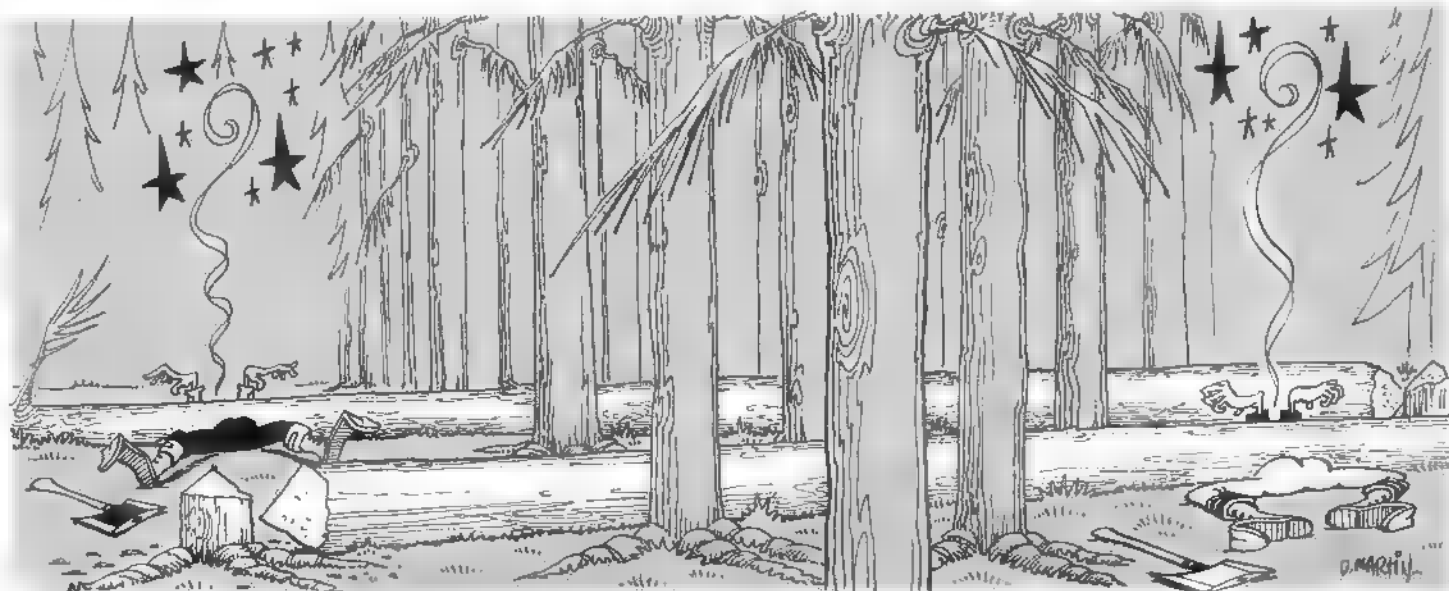
Cheyenne Geldings Owner Cyrus Wiltfang
And Wife Harriet
Request Your Presence
At The Outright Release
Of Their Daughter
Camilla
To Linebacker Ronnie Bushwater
Obtained from the Memphis Rabbits
For Thirty Thousand Dollars
A Running Back
And a Future Fifth-Round Draft Choice
On Sunday, the Seventh of October
At Halftime
Of the Cheyenne-Memphis Game
Gelding Stadium

FROM A DISCOUNT STORE OWNER

Big Savings

ONE DAY ONLY!
SATURDAY AT 2 P.M!
Mr. and Mrs. HONEST JOHN Mulvaney
Offer A **ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME**
FAMILY
CLEARANCE
Namely Their Daughters,
BEATRICE,
LILLIAN
and
MARY BETH
Offered **AS IS**
To The First Takers!
ALL TRANSACTIONS C.O.D!
PHONE ORDERS NOT ACCEPTED!
Free Parking With Any Wedding Gift
Costing Over \$25!
Main St. Outlet

ONE DAY IN THE NORTH WOODS



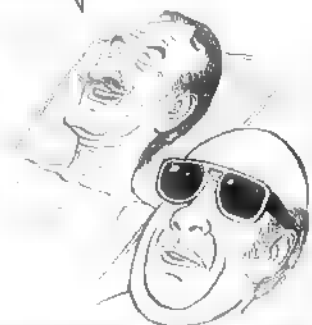
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

LEISURE

I'm **ALL FOR** leisure time
... and lots of it!



Because husbands and wives
get to see **more** of each
other, get to **know** each
other better, and get to
know other people better!



And that's
good for my
business!



What **IS**
your
business?

I'm a **DIVORCE LAWYER!!**



Every night,
you just sit
around the
house! Why
don't you go
out and **DO**
something?!!



I'd love
to ...
but I'm
afraid
of the
MUGGERS
out there!

Why don't
you learn
the art of
self-defense?
Why don't you
take **Karate**
lessons?!



Hey, I like that!
Then, if a mugger
comes at me, I'll
give him a **chop**
... and toss him
over my shoulder
into **tomorrow**!

When do they
hold these
Karate classes?



Every **Tuesday**
and **Thursday**
night!



Forget it! I'd be afraid
to walk to **class**!



Whoopie!!
Another
week-end!

Yeah!!
Ain't that
great!!



I've got Saturday planned down to
the minute! Golf in the morning,
■ visit to an old Army buddy in
the afternoon, and ■ date for
dinner and a show at night!



That leaves me
with only one
small problem!



Oh ... ?
What's
that?

SUNDAY!





FREE TIME

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

It says here that never before in History has there been a civilization with more leisure time, and the means to enjoy it!

Is that what it says?

Let me see ... on Monday, I have my Painting Class! Tuesday is my Mah Jongg game! Wednesday is golf! Thursday is P.T.A. meeting! Friday is theater night ...

... and on week-ends, we're at the house on Candlewood Lake ...

WITH ALL THAT TO DO ... WHO'S GOT TIME FOR LEISURE?!

My God! Are you still working???

I like to work!

You work harder on your job than any ten men I know! And in the evenings, week-ends, and even on your vacations, you take work home with you!

Why can't you learn to relax! You should take up a hobby!

A HOBBY??! Naw ... I couldn't do that!

I'm too lazy to work on a hobby!

Holy Good Night! Look at this Bank balance! Look at this Checking Account balance! We are slowly going BROKE!! Where does all the money go?

I'll tell you where it goes! Shorter working hours, long week-ends, holidays, and a three week vacation each year!

You mean, leisure time is expensive!?

You bet it is! So what can you do about it?!

Well, I'll just have to take a second job to pay for all my leisure time!

Hello, Lady of Leisure! What are you doing with all your free time?



Some Lady of Leisure! Some free time! I'm busier NOW than I've ever been in my life!

But they say Mothers who marry off daughters have more free time than anybody!



I'd like to know who THEY are who SAY all these dumb things?!

Because all of MY "married-off" daughters are OFF MARRIAGE!!



And they've all come back to Mother ... to live with her!!



I think it's wonderful of you to give so much of your time to these nuts!



Please! We do not refer to mentally deficient ... or emotionally disturbed persons as "nuts"!

I—I AM sorry! I didn't mean to use such a cruel, unfeeling word! But you still deserve praise for volunteering so much of your time to them!



Well, my children are off to college or married ... which leaves me a lot of free time! So if I didn't do something like this ...



... I'D GO NUTS!!



Hoo-boy, did I have a tough day!

Oh, you poor Dear!



That partner of mine really let me down! He was no help at all! Then there was the trouble with the rackets! And the courts ... you know how jammed up they are ...!



It's impossible to get into the swing of things and do well with all that pressure! I sweated like a pig today!

You poor Darling ...!



TENNIS IS A TOUGH GAME!



I see you've got a "Hen Party" going on in your house! All they do is talk, talk, talk!

Yeah! And did you notice! They're all doing NEEDLE POINT! It's come back as a new popular craze!



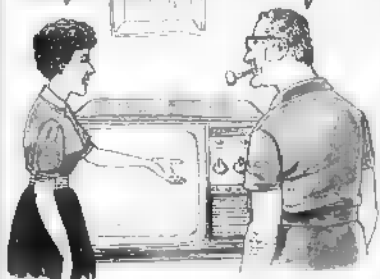
I noticed! I wonder how that happened?

The way I figure it ...

The ladies have to have something to THINK about while they're talking!



The TV set is on the blink! I'll call the Repair Man!



Don't call the Repair Man! You know how much he charges! I'll do it myself!

Let me call the Repair Man!



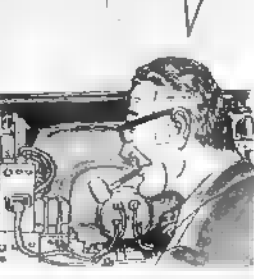
Don't call the Repair Man! This is the age of leisure time! This is the age of "Do-It-Yourself"! So I'll DO IT MYSELF!



Let me call the Repair Man!



This is also the age of highly complicated technology! Look at all those transistors and wires! Don't call the Repair Man . . .



I'LL DO IT MYSELF!



So you quit school and you won't go to work! I tell you, no good will come of this!



Here we go again!



Remember . . . "THE DEVIL FINDS WORK FOR IDLE HANDS!"



Boy, Mom! What a dumb cliché!



Now . . . will you get off my back?! My friends are waiting for me in my room!



Welcome home, girls! How was your cross-country trailer tour?



No sweat, Mom!



We crossed the great plains—no traffic! We drove through the Western deserts with the air conditioner on—no heat! We climbed up and down the Rockies—no snow! We followed the Pacific Palisades—no mist!



Then . . . you girls had a GREAT TIME!



No . . . we had a ROTTEN TIME . . . !



NO FELLAS!!



What's with Nick? He's just sitting there . . . staring at a blank TV set . . . with tears in his eyes!



He's had a terrible shock . . . a shattering, traumatic experience!



For months, he was a happy, enthusiastic, involved man! He looked forward to the week-ends and certain days during the week! His life had joy and real meaning!



Then, suddenly it HAPPENED!!



WHAT happened??



The Football Season ended!



Yecch! This house is a MESS! Don't you ever clean up this place?!!

Sure! It's easy for YOU to say! You work in a regulated office! But do you have any idea what an undisciplined housewife has to put up with while she's trying to get her work done? I'll tell you!

INTERRUPTIONS . . .
INTERRUPTIONS . . . AND
MORE INTERRUPTIONS!!

What interruptions?

At 10:30, "The Price Is Right!"
At 11:30, "Love Of Life!"
At 12:30, "Search For Tomorrow!"
At 2:00, "Guiding Light!"
At 2:30, "Edge Of Night!"

WHO CAN WORK UNDER
THOSE CONDITIONS?!!

Is that all you're going to do on your vacation . . . ?
SLEEP . . . ?!

Huh . . . ?
Uh—what ELSE is there to do?

The beach is close by! You can swim, go surfing, scuba dive, snorkel, fish, sail, play volley ball . . . do a hundred interesting things!

I guess you're right!

Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z . . .

Ancient Rome was once a mighty empire! Then the upper classes got too much leisure time! So they drank too much, got bombed out of their skulls, had orgies, and sank into decadence! Which is why Rome eventually fell!

You mean that's what's going to happen to THIS civilization?? It's gonna fall!!

You can bet your bottom dollar on it!

My gosh! If that's true, we'd better do something about it!

Like what . . . ?

Enjoy every minute of it while it lasts!!

What are you striking for?

Higher pay and less working hours!

Do you realize that we'll soon be working a four-day week, then a three-day week, then a one-day week? And finally, technology will take over altogether!

Then, the Government will actually have to pay us NOT to work! And when that happens, what are you going to do??

Don't worry! We'll still be plenty busy . . .

... striking for higher pay!

David Berg

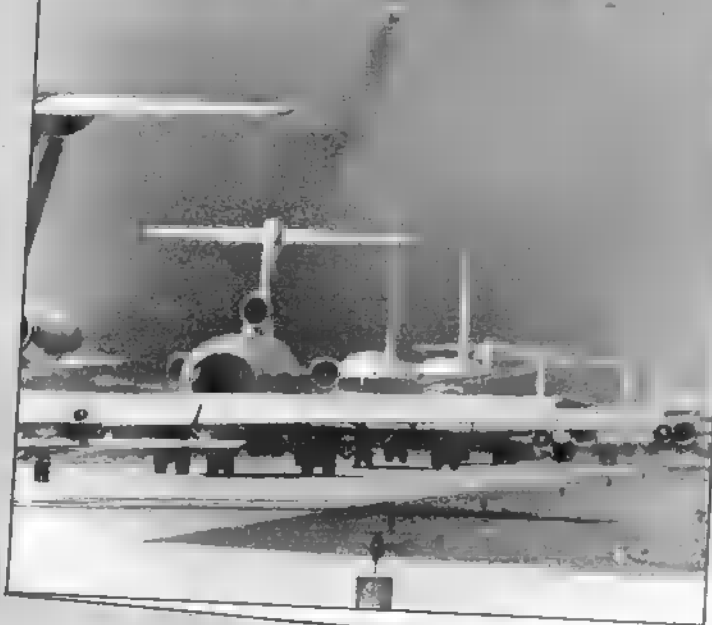
ONE PICTURE IS WORTH 1000 WORDS & MUSIC DEPT.

A **MAD** LOOK AT **SHEET MUSIC**

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS
IDEA BY MAX BRANDEL



BY THE TIME I GET TO PHOENIX

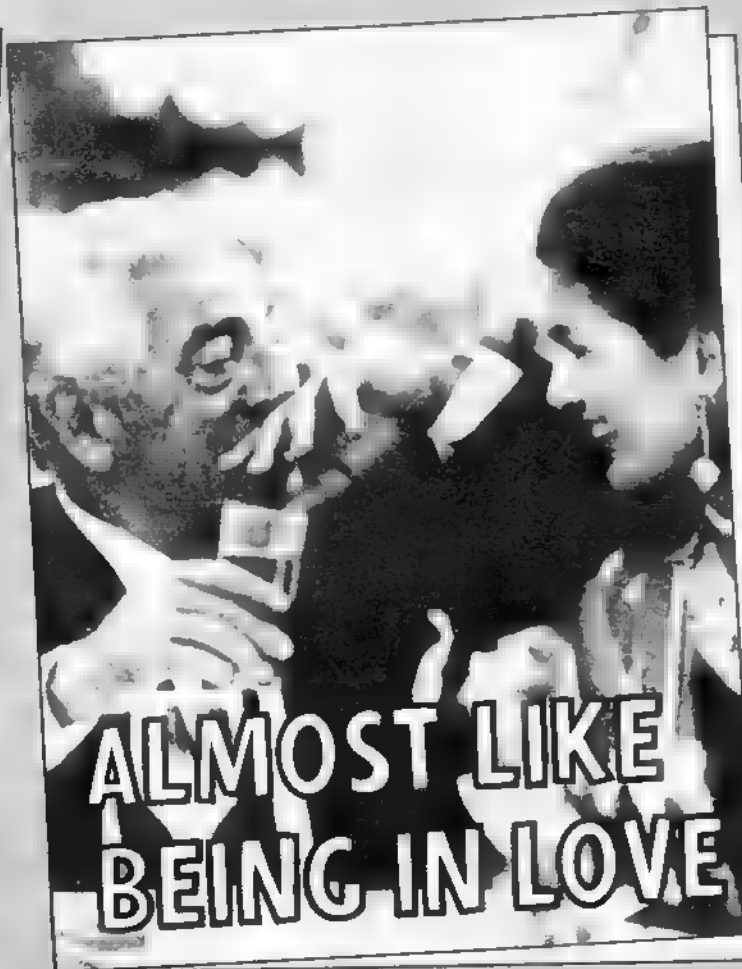


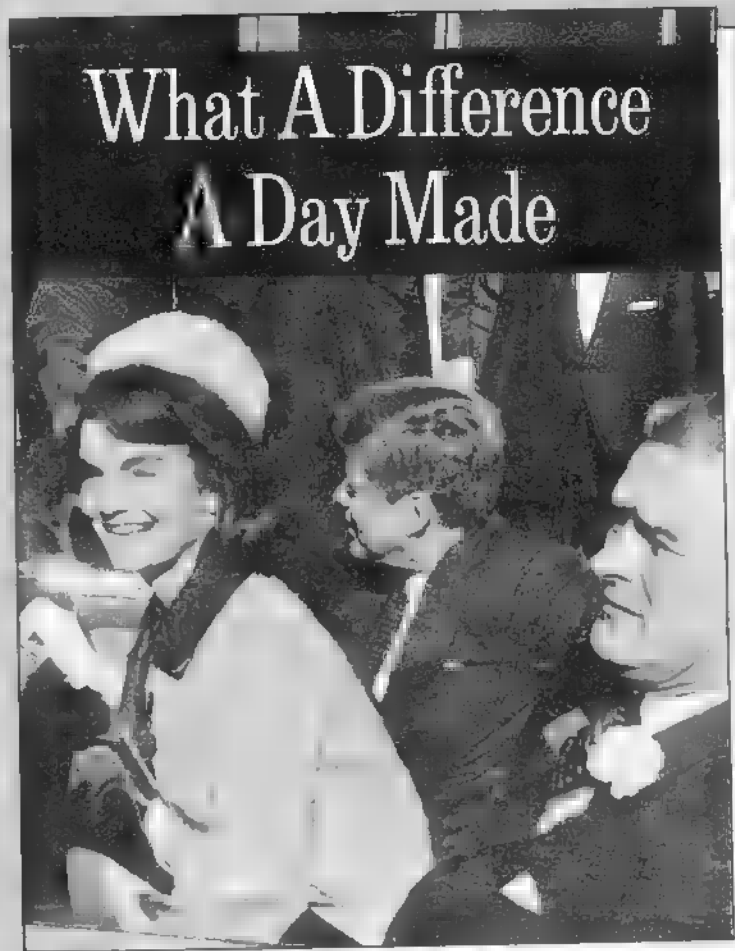
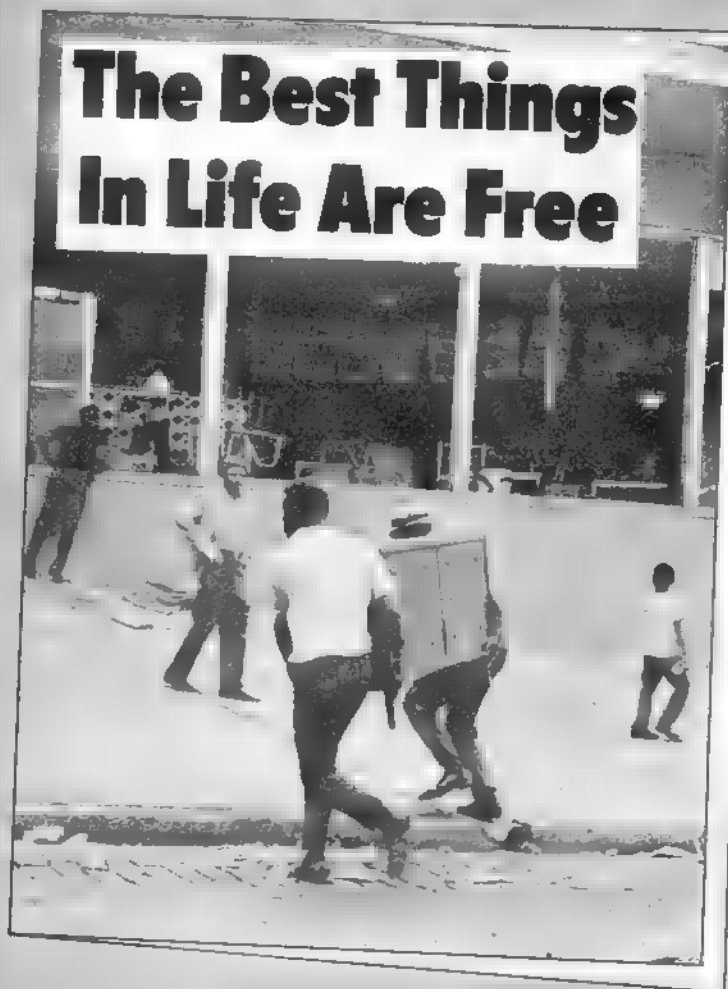
WHAT DID I HAVE THAT I DON'T HAVE?

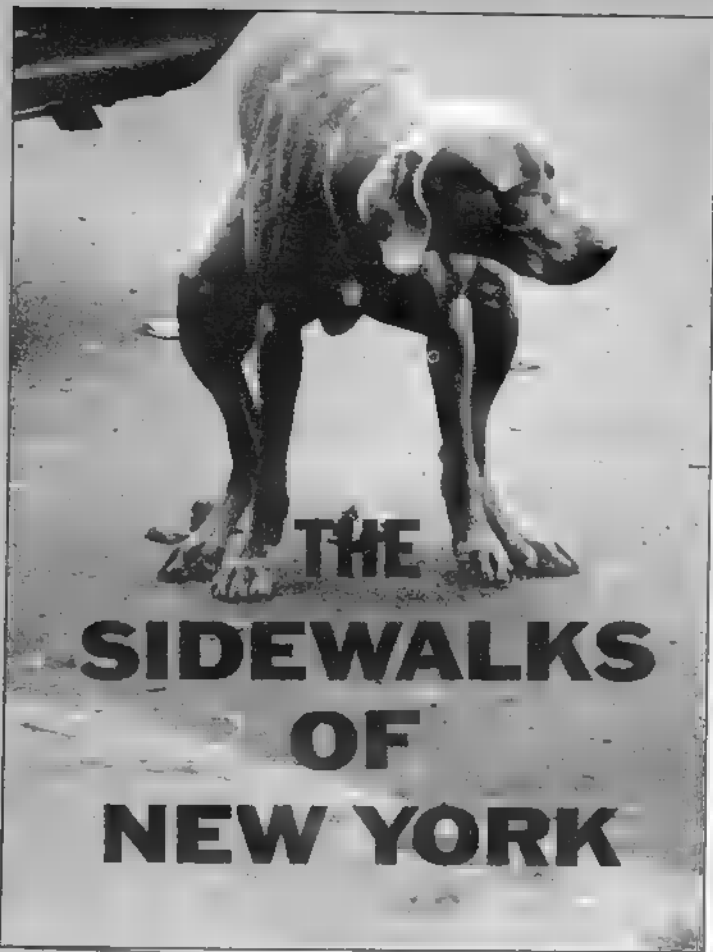


PHOTOS BY:
BPI AND
WORLD WIDE

ALMOST LIKE BEING IN LOVE







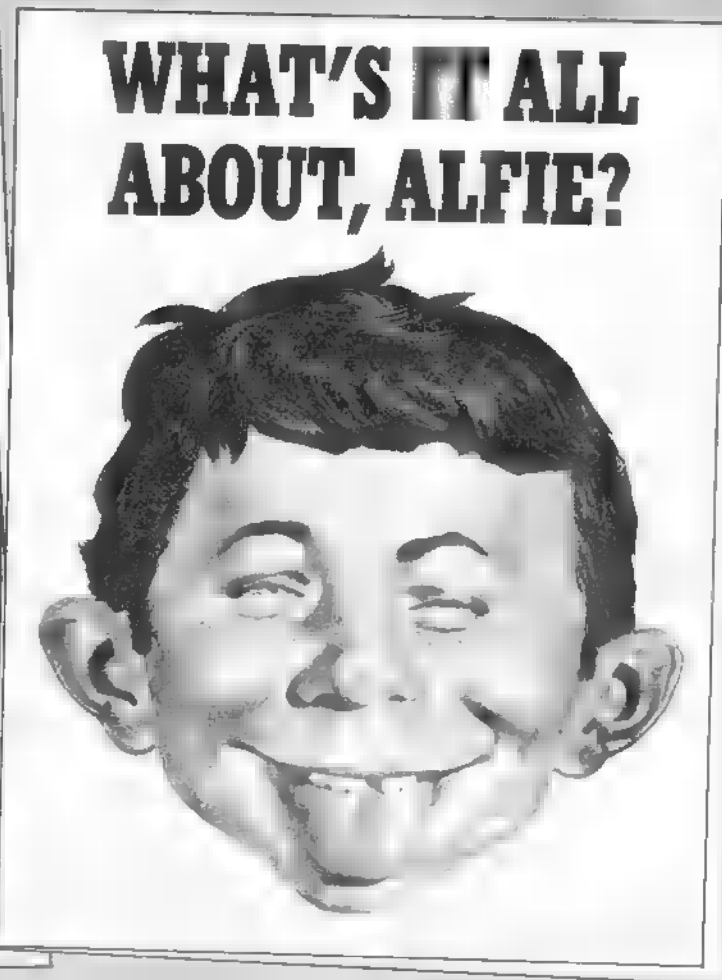
**THE
SIDEWALKS
OF
NEW YORK**



**Bye, Bye,
Blackbird!**



MONDAY, MONDAY



**WHAT'S IT ALL
ABOUT, ALFIE?**

SPY VS SPY



Hi! I'm Arthur Godly, and I've been asked to conduct another of these ridiculous **MAD** interviews! Now, let's talk to Mr. Gregory Garble, who we've named . . .

MAD'S CORPORATE ECOLOGIST OF THE YEAR

Mr. Garble—

Just call me, Greg, Arthur, baby!

Greg, what are the big corporations doing about pollution?

Le'me open the window, dummy, and you can see for yourself!

No . . . I mean what are you doing about **SOLVING** the problem?

Arthur we're spending millions of dollars!

To clean up the atmosphere?

No . . . on advertising—to clean up the corporate image!



ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

Uh—you'd better close the window, Greg! Those fumes just killed your potted plant!

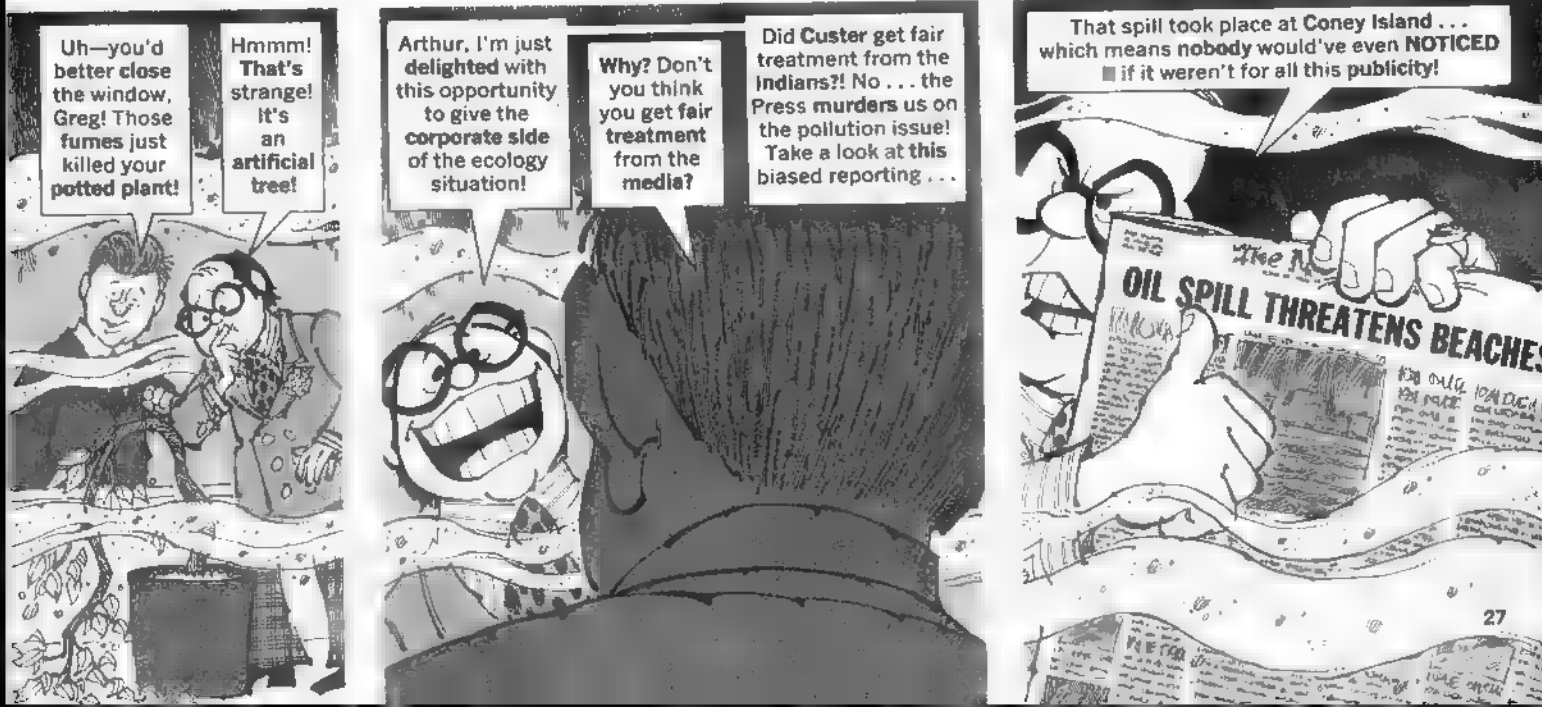
Hmmm! That's strange! It's an artificial tree!

Arthur, I'm just delighted with this opportunity to give the corporate side of the ecology situation!

Why? Don't you think you get fair treatment from the media?

Did Custer get fair treatment from the Indians?! No . . . the Press murders us on the pollution issue! Take a look at this biased reporting . . .

That spill took place at Coney Island . . . which means nobody would've even **NOTICED** if it weren't for all this publicity!



And they didn't even mention the efforts the oil companies are making on behalf of the environment!

I thought you'd never ask! At great expense, we formed the Ocean Ecology Research And Control Institute!

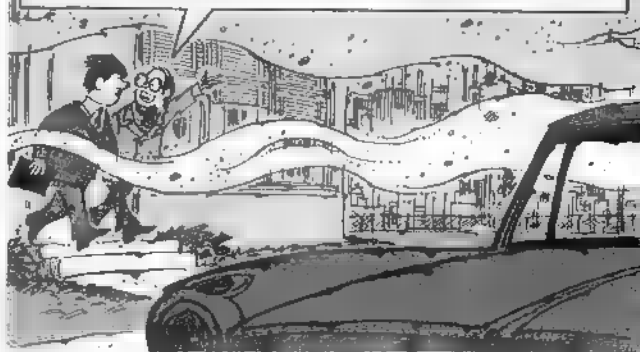
No, ■ is studying the alleged effects of alleged oil spills, and issuing reports proving there is no permanent damage to water and marine life!

What are they doing?

Oh? Is it trying to find a safer way to transport oil?



This whole situation is being blown way out of proportion by a bunch of ecology freaks who don't consider the needs of the American Consumer! We must have electricity to provide people with the bare necessities of life! And yet, these Econuts are trying to stop us from building more power plants! Incidentally, the Electric Companies are doing their bit for ecology! They're mailing out their bills in envelopes made from recycled paper!



But, Greg, doesn't more power plants mean more contamination?

Arthur, see this pop-top beer can? Do you realize it takes four times the amount of energy to produce this can as it did the old type that was opened manually?

Then why not go back to the old cans? Or eliminate cans and throwaway bottles completely?!

You're asking us to return to the Dark Ages! Dragging deposit bottles around! Really, Arthur!! Easy-open cans, plastic garbage bags, disposable diapers... these are the things that make America GREAT!! Why, if you ban these simple basics, you might as well ban Mom and Apple Pie!



The spray can and the throwaway... That's America to me!

Misleading, maybe! But never false! We're shooting an ad today! You'll be able to see for yourself how honest we are!

Ahem! Greg, it seems to me that a lot of corporate ecology advertising is—well—deliberately false!

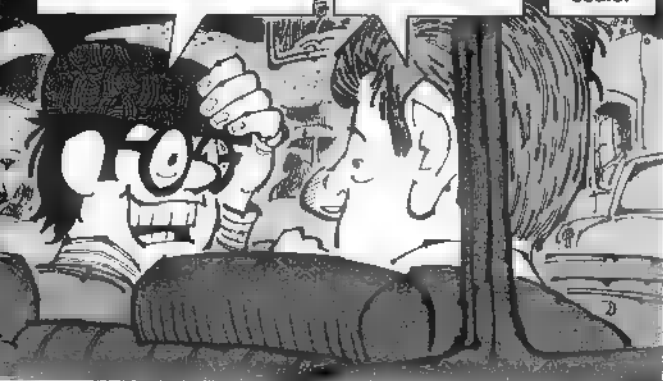


How do you like this cap? It's genuine seal skin—a gift from the Furrier's Association for the great job we did selling the public on the idea that the annual seal slaughter is a very humane thing!

Yes, I remember how you sold the public that one! How did you solve the OTHER problem?

What problem?

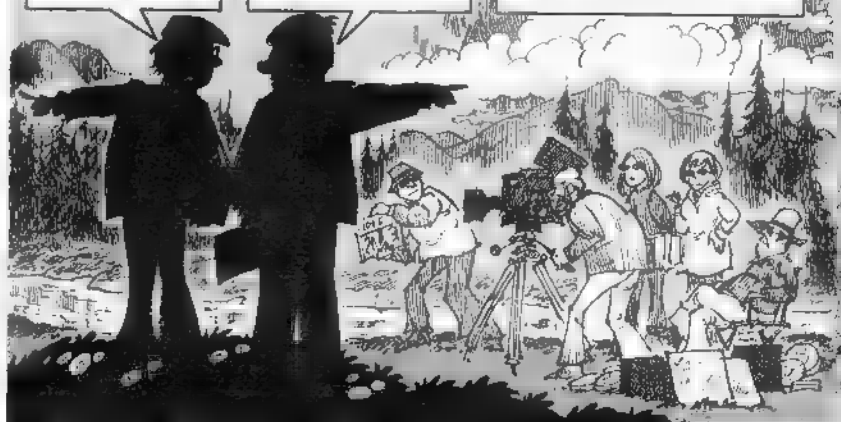
How did you convince the seals?

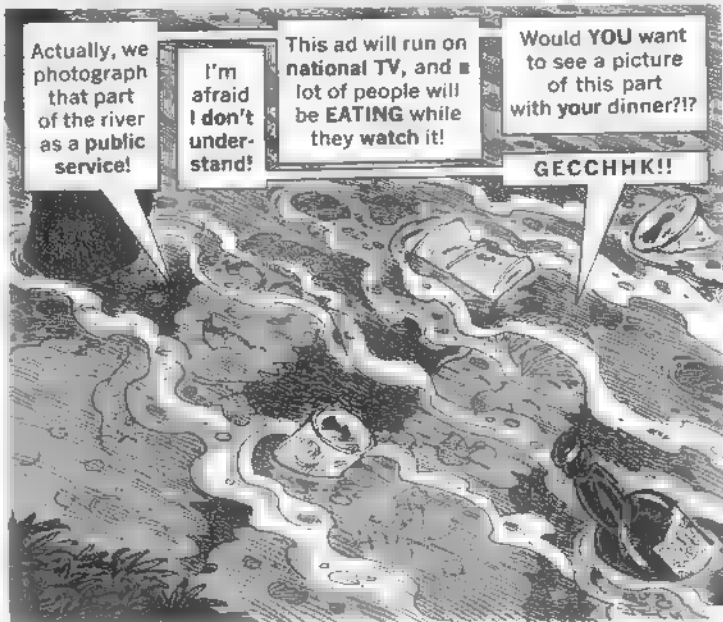


Here we are! Isn't this a beautiful sight! Would you believe there's a pulp mill on this lovely river?

Isn't that mill located downstream, where it actually can't affect this upstream area?

Upstream, downstream—it's still the same river! When you have your picture taken, don't you show your good side? Why should it be any different with rivers?





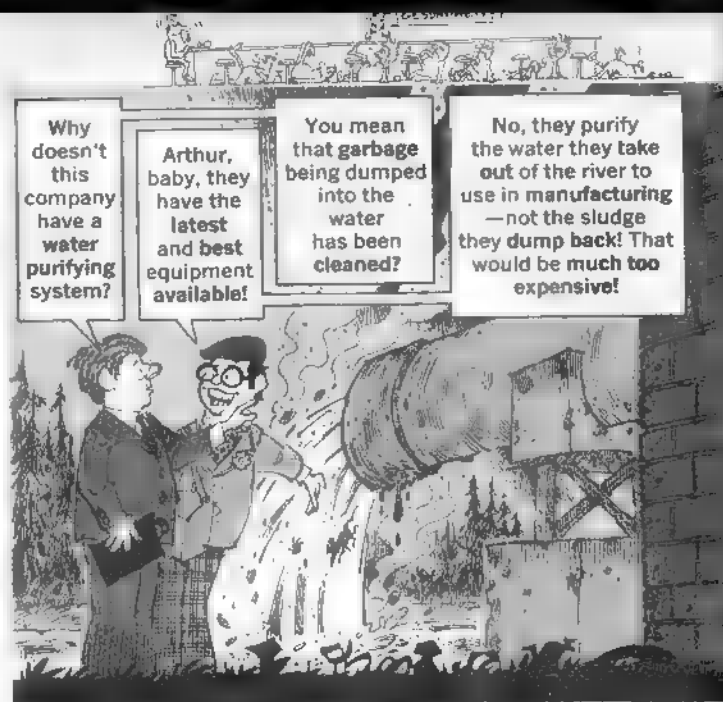
Actually, we photograph that part of the river as a public service!

I'm afraid I don't understand!

This ad will run on national TV, and a lot of people will be EATING while they watch it!

Would YOU want to see a picture of this part with your dinner?!!

GECCHHK!!

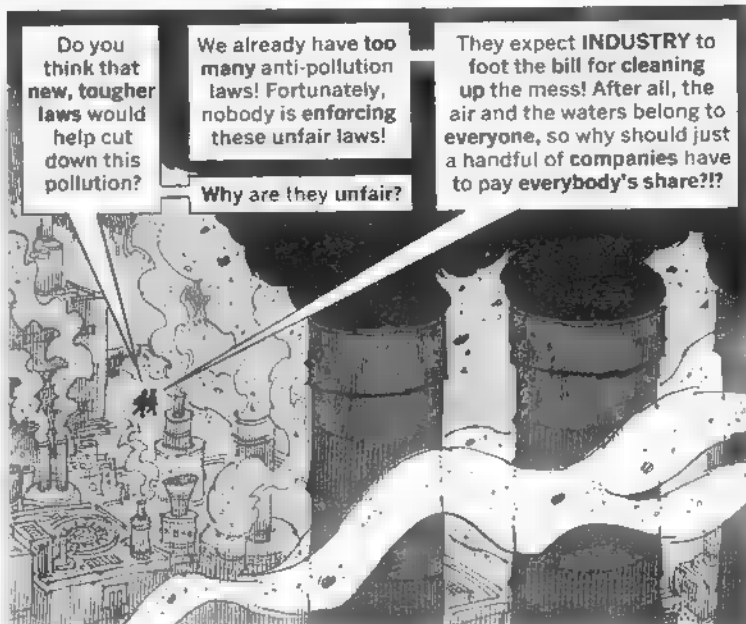


Why doesn't this company have a water purifying system?

Arthur, baby, they have the latest and best equipment available!

You mean that garbage being dumped into the water has been cleaned?

No, they purify the water they take out of the river to use in manufacturing—not the sludge they dump back! That would be much too expensive!

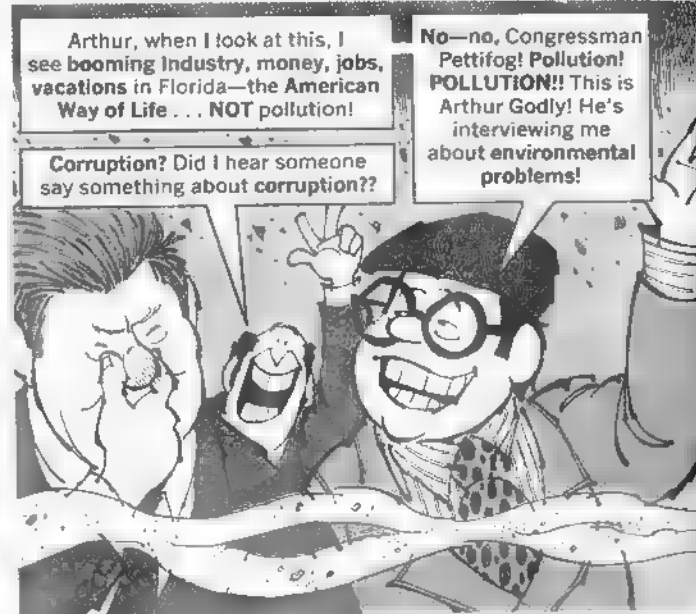


Do you think that new, tougher laws would help cut down this pollution?

We already have too many anti-pollution laws! Fortunately, nobody is enforcing these unfair laws!

Why are they unfair?

They expect INDUSTRY to foot the bill for cleaning up the mess! After all, the air and the waters belong to everyone, so why should just a handful of companies have to pay everybody's share?!!



Arthur, when I look at this, I see booming Industry, money, jobs, vacations in Florida—the American Way of Life . . . NOT pollution!

No—no, Congressman Pettifog! Pollution! POLLUTION!! This is Arthur Godly! He's interviewing me about environmental problems!

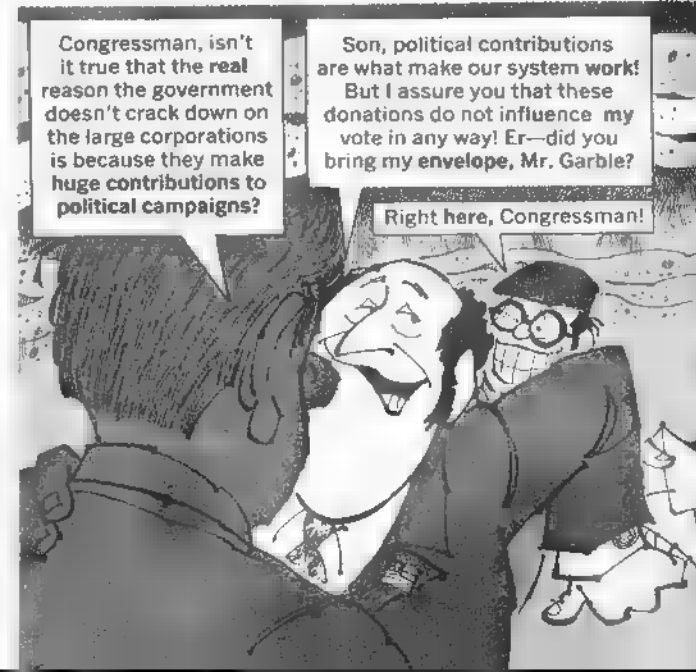
Corruption? Did I hear someone say something about corruption??



Always a pleasure to meet a gentleman of the Press! I'm all for ecology, too! I want to eliminate all the dirt and filth that blights our land!

You mean you want to shut down all these factories?

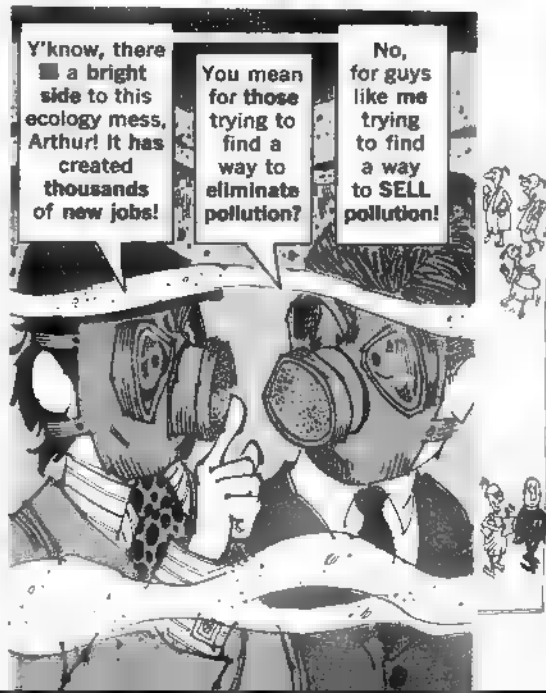
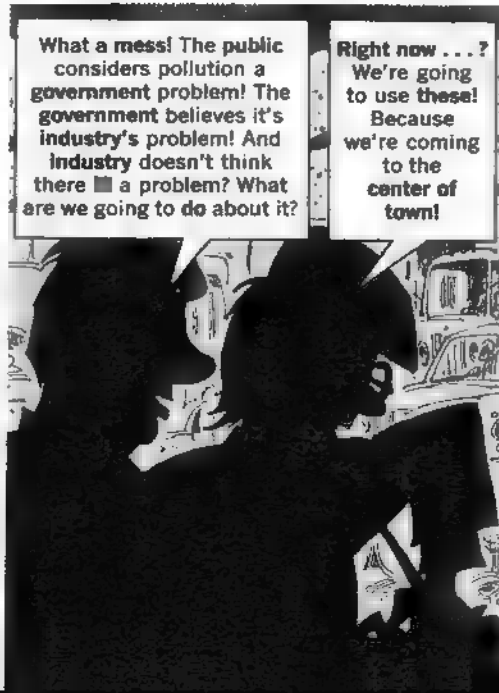
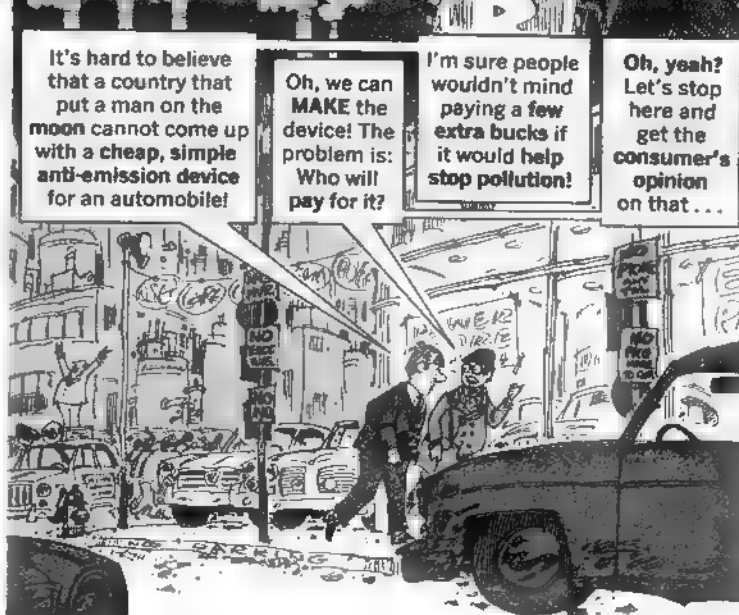
What are you . . . some kind of Pinko?!? I'm talking about the REAL pollution problem—the dirty Hippies! I say we throw 'em all in jail and give 'em all haircuts and baths! THEN America'd be beautiful again!



Congressman, isn't it true that the real reason the government doesn't crack down on the large corporations is because they make huge contributions to political campaigns?

Son, political contributions are what make our system work! But I assure you that these donations do not influence my vote in any way! Er—did you bring my envelope, Mr. Garble?

Right here, Congressman!





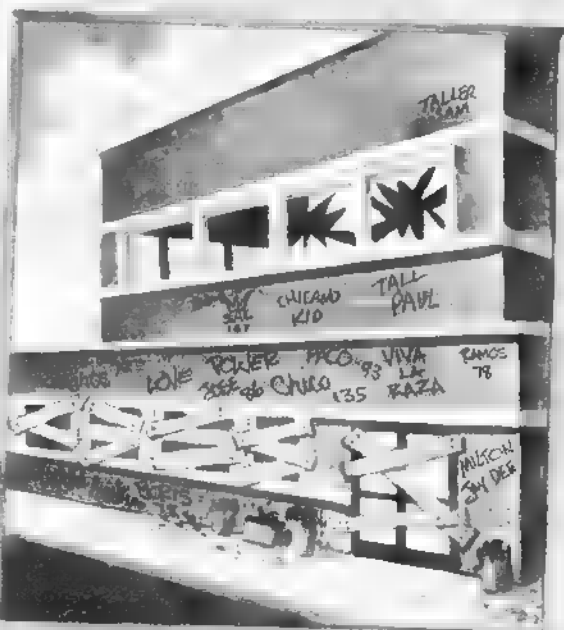
Everything about the average American High School has changed except the Annual Yearbook. It still depicts life as it wasn't! Or, at least, as very few knew it to be! On behalf of the Class of '73, MAD protests this blatant disregard for the unvarnished, raunchy truth with its presentation of

A HIGH SCHOOL YEAR BOOK THAT TELLS IT LIKE IT REALLY IS

ROLLING STONES HIGH SCHOOL



R.S.H.S. OLD BUILDING 1906-1971



R.S.H.S. NEW BUILDING COMPLETED 1972

1973 'ROLLER YEARBOOK

OUR EDUCATORS SPEAK OUT



A MESSAGE FROM THE PRINCIPAL

To the class of 1973:

It is my hope indeed that as a resultant of my own example, I have learned you kids considerable about the rewards which come direct from hard work.

Last year, when my flesh and blood brother Rudy was running for mayor, he promised me some cushy job such as principal of this school if I could deliver the vote in the fifth ward. It was tough, what with all the reformers and similar nuts which live in that ward. But I done it by a margin of 15,000 more votes than was cast.

With honest labor and persecution, you can all make good just like me. And don't none of you never forget it!

Potsy McTweed
\$50,000 ■ year Principal



A MESSAGE FROM THIS YEAR'S MOST HONORED FACULTY MEMBER

To whoever I'm writing this to:

I'll be 91 years old on the 23rd day of next July. I was just told by somebody I never saw before that this yearbook is being dedicated to me for my faithful teaching service since 1907. Frankly, I don't remember where I've been or what I've been doing since 1907. All I know for sure is that I'll be 91 years old on the 23rd day of next July.

In any event, whatever I may have done to merit whatever this honor is I'm thanking you for, I thank you. Furthermore, I hope that you young people who have been gathering daily in my room on the third floor to ask questions will eventually find out the answers. Only then will you be prepared to go forth with heads held high into someplace and do something.

With memories that would be fond if I could remember them,

(Miss) Lucretia Lowenglazer

OUR EDUCATORS SPEAK OUT

A MESSAGE FROM THE MOST POPULAR FACULTY MEMBER OF 1973



To this year's graduating seniors:

I am simply thrilled to pieces that I have been named the most popular teacher of the year. Natch, the honor comes as a complete surprise, since our silly old system of segregating Phys Ed classes and locker rooms by gender means that I've never even had a chance to teach anything to you boys. At least not in the gym during school hours.

However, due to the peachy way things worked out, I have had an opportunity to meet a lot of you fellas individually. Off hand, I can't remember you all by name, but I treasure every single memory of the fun times we had together, and hopefully look forward to more of the same after your graduation.

Meantime, thanks loads for voting me your most popular teacher, even though I can't imagine what prompted you to do such a groovy thing.

Miss Flo Bergere

THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1973

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

by Lolita Flickney, Valedictorian

For most of the Class of '73, our first bewildering days as freshmen at Rolling Stones High seem only a short time ago. Yet, these past four, or, in many cases, six or seven years, loom large and momentous indeed when we pause to think back over the events that have transpired. When we first arrived here in the fall of 1969, it had been scarcely three seasons since the football team last won a game; Prom Queen Muldavia Swobbeck was only beginning to contemplate her first pregnancy, and Miss Lowenglazer's English Lit lectures were merely suspected of being the wild ramblings of a senile old fool.

Still lying far over the horizon were such unforeseen events as the misunderstanding between the Third Street Wanderers and the Velvet Knights that was destined to put 38 of our beloved classmates behind bars in 1971.

Now, those carefree days are all behind us. The cafeteria knifings, the study hall protection rackets, the porno ring: to these, we bid farewell. For we are no longer children, but adults, preparing to step out into the world in quest of that dream we all share: to find a little peace and quiet someplace.



CLAYBOURNE "SNEAK" ALTWELKER

Intra-mural bicycle thievery; switch-blade terror champ, 1971. Outstanding characteristics: ear wax and mouth breathing.



FERN "BABY DOLL" BLOTCHNOY

Motorcycle Gang State Convention Queen, 1972. Hobbies: chain smoking Di Nobili Cigars and filthy vocabulary development.



NKRUMA X. CHUTMAN

Led demand for Black Studies Program, 1970-71; dropped out of Black Studies Program, 1972.



BOBBY JOE DREK

Major activity: obscene gestures; major hobby: collecting obscene photos; major physical characteristic: obscene tattoos.



GUY PUCE BAZZNEY

Communal shower phobia, 1969-73; over-protective mother, 1955-73. Majors: flower arrangement and needlepoint.



WANDA "GOODY TWO SHOES" BRITE

Highest grade average in school history; Honor Society Medal with oak leaf cluster; voted most despised member of senior class.



BERTHA LU DORFMEISTER

Regional weight-lifting champ, 1972; only girl in Stag Line at Senior Prom. Hobbies: copy flirtation and grand piano moving.



NIMROD "TWINKLE TOES" FUNGUS

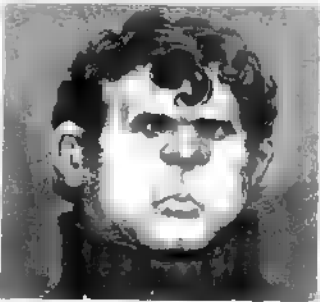
Varsity football captain; set season record by stumbling and falling in his own end zone 16 times. Hobbies: recovering from fractures and watching Saturday morning TV cartoon programs.

THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1973



FRED "NEVILLE" GRUBBLY

Founded school Ferrari Club, 1970; organized varsity polo team, 1971; indicted for stealing Ferraris and polo ponies, 1972.



NUNZIO "BANANAS" LEFFERMAN

Class Protection Racket Collector, 1970-73; Junior Achievement Loan Shark Project, 1972. Chief characteristics: inhuman brutality and body lice.



FERGUS "SLATS" PITUITARY

Only member of graduating class more than seven feet tall; only seven footer in any class ever cut from basketball team due to inability to understand the object of the game.



FIDEL CHE YLUPEREZ

Led school Brown Beret boycott of all California grown farm products, 1972-73; suffered attacks of beriberi, rickets, and scurvy from refusing to eat California grown farm products, 1971-73.



"COOL CARLA" ZUBBERMAN

President of Rudolph Valentino Fan Club, 1971; entered ashes of her grandfather in Hobby Fair, 1972. Hobbies: talking to statues and sniffing crab grass.



EPPIA LAVERNE KRUMSINGER

Chief accomplishment: crusading for Women's Lib by adopting the bra-less look; chief failure: adopting the bra-less look and not having anybody notice.



FRIEDA MUNSTERS

Scored "Extremely Lousy" on Senior Emotional Adjustment Test. Notable habits: eating library paste and yelling hysterically at fire drills.



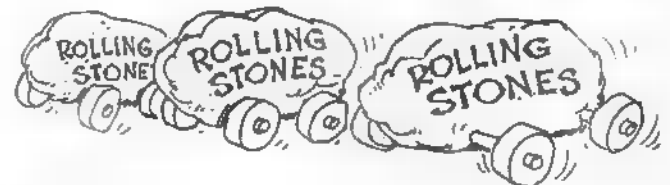
MULDAVIA SWOBBICK

Senior Prom Queen, 1972; became only mother of twins in senior class, 1973. Notable features: makes friends easily and suffers morning sickness often.



WILBUR OSGOOD WORMSLEY

School activities: none; social life: none; friends: none. Only notable feature owns three local office buildings bought with profits from shrewd stock market speculations, 1971-73.



OUR ATHLETES IN ACTION

1972-73 SPORTS IN ACTION

by Grantland Rentzsch, Sports Editor

The year just ending has indeed been a memorable one for the R.S.H.S. steamroller athletic teams. Most incredible was the 'Roller football squad which extended its record breaking streak to 57 consecutive losses. The chronic drinking problem of Coach Bronko Sotwell, again paved the way for the 'Rollers to remain the laughing stock of the conference.

The basketball team fared considerably better, dropping only four games and winning one, while refusing to show up for the other 17 as a result of sheer panic. Prospects for next season look even brighter, chiefly because all of this year's rotten players are graduating and will be replaced by inexperienced newcomers.

The track team's hopes for a respectable season were quickly snuffed out when Star Miller Kipjo Wartman took up chain smoking and gradually increased his time in the event from 4:22 to 12:06.

The 1972-73 Character Building Award was unanimously voted to Athletic Director Tug Flummert for mustering up the guts to resign despite a complete lack of job prospects elsewhere.



Varsity outfield poses for group photo while determined opposition is scoring three runs in critical baseball game.



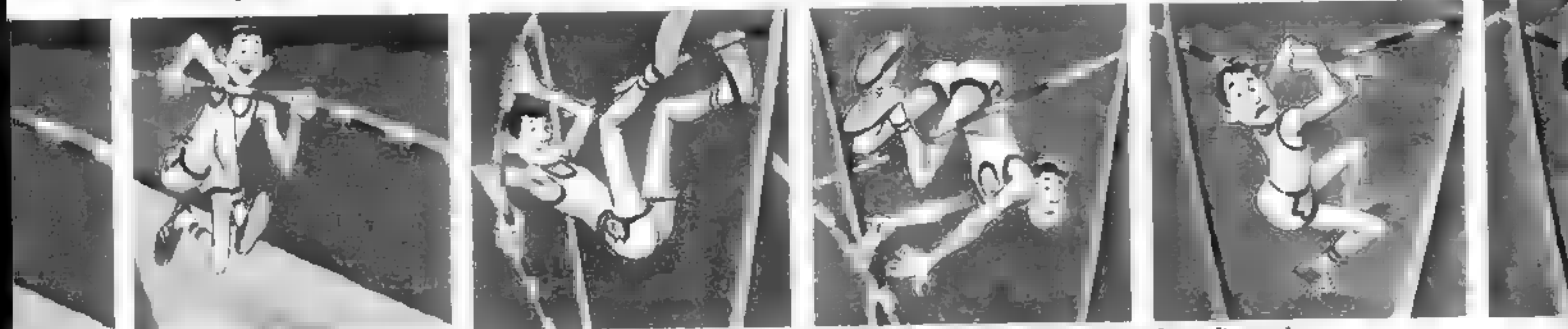
Roller cage fans become swept up by emotions as team falls behind in crucial game.



Surprise gridiron maneuver enables Ace Quarterback Fungus to lose 19 more yards.



Tennis Captain Pancho Himmler scores upset victory with clever "drop shot" that encourages opponent to forfeit the match.



Trackster Bob Peagreen exhibits form that produced repeated failure in his attempt to set a new pole vault record.

SCHOOLDAY



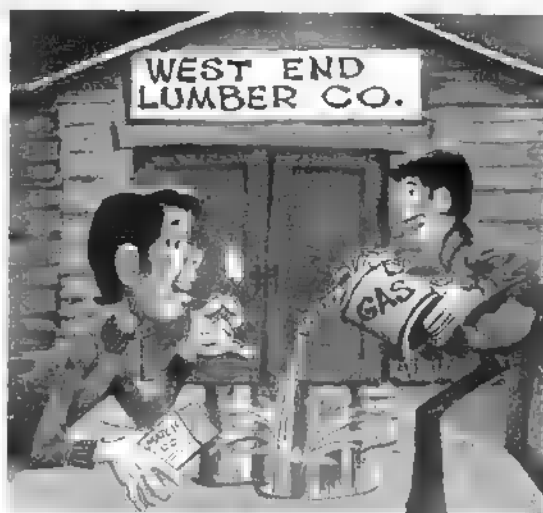
That exciting moment at Assembly when we all stood in a mass tribute to surviving members of the Rolling Stones High class of 1903.



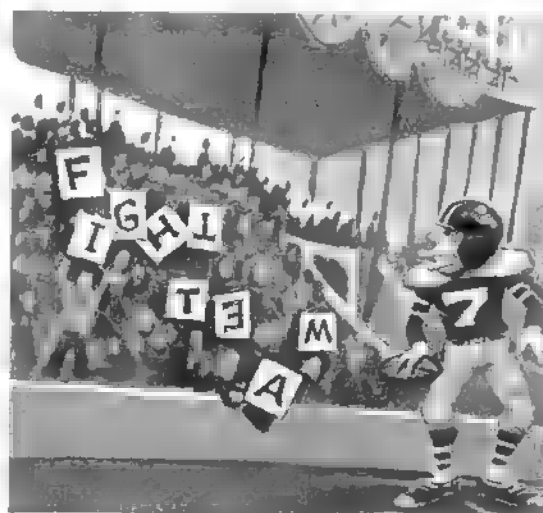
Who can ever forget those moments of nausea when the School Cafeteria's Special of the Day was the "Mystery Casserole"?



Playing brutal pranks on freshmen remained a time-honored Rolling Stones High tradition.



Ingenious Homecoming Committee made sure this year's Pep Rally bonfire was the most spectacular ever.



Totally undisciplined football card section sometimes performed almost as badly as the totally undisciplined football team.



Ziggie's Malt Shop was a favorite student hangout until the local fuz discovered that it didn't serve malts.

SCHOOLDAY



Prior to his commitment, King Kong Vledmuig often relieved the tension of boredom in Gemetry III by running amok.



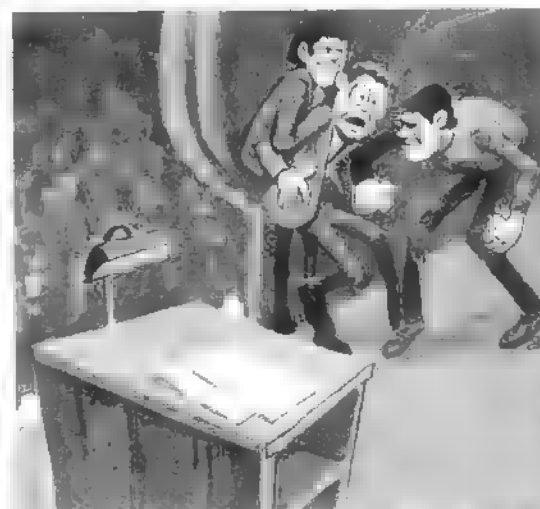
Assembly program staged by the Sex Education Class drew a large, appreciative audience, including the Vice Squad.



The library was our frequently chosen spot for meeting old friends and making new ones.



Geordie Schlep spent tireless hours adding specimens to his wrist watch collection for display at the Hobby Fair.



'Roller Debating Team employed brilliant persuasive techniques to place first in the School District competition.



The "Weekly 'Roller" lost several staff members when this group decided to found a more relevant school paper, "Voice of the Proletariat."

SCHOOLDAY

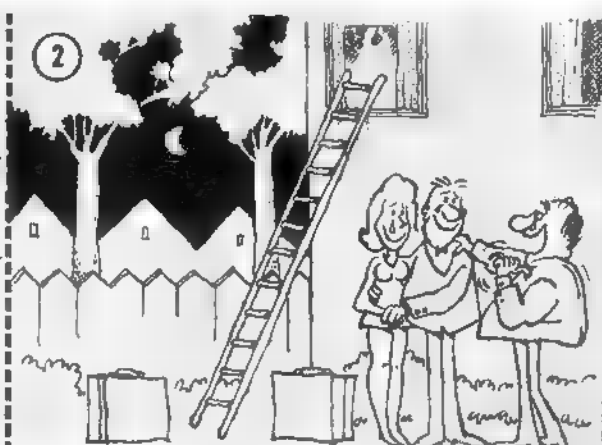
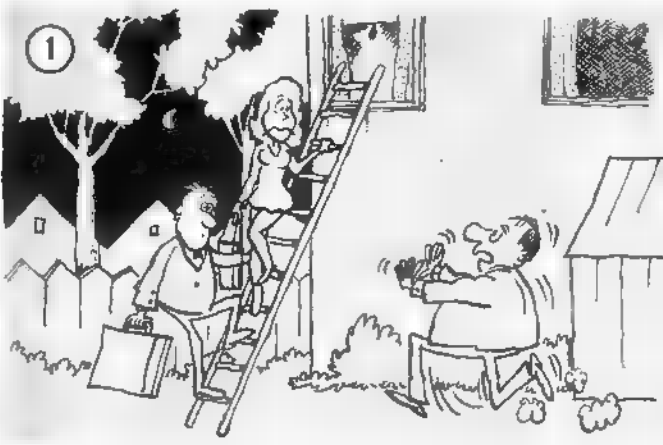
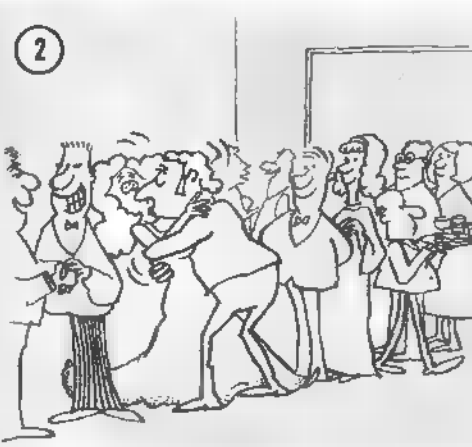
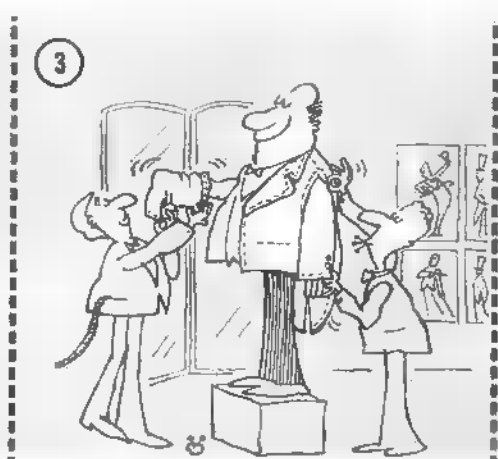
A MAD LOOK AT

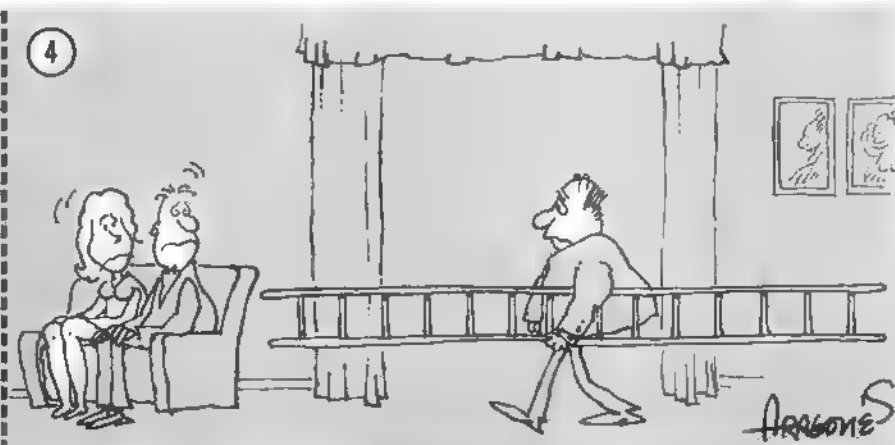
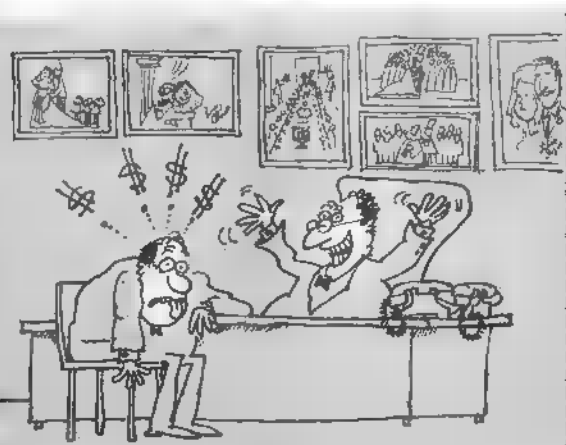
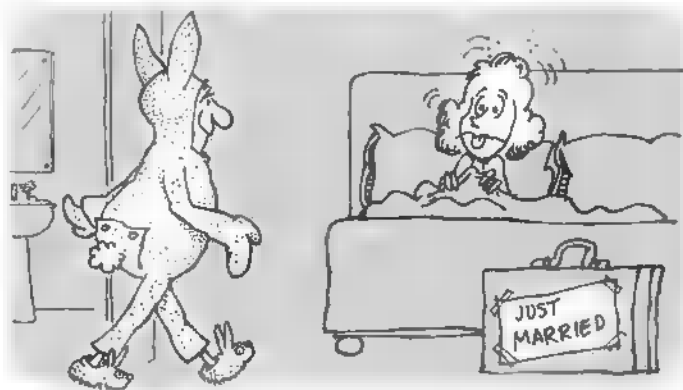


EDDINGS

ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

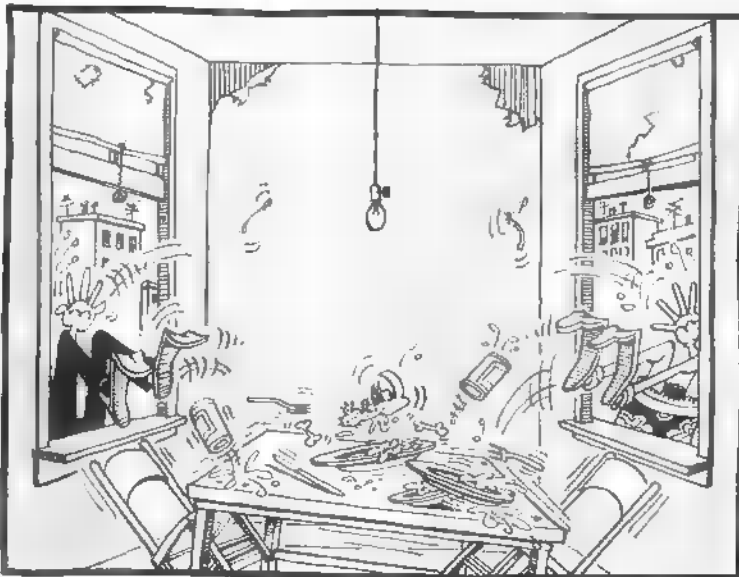
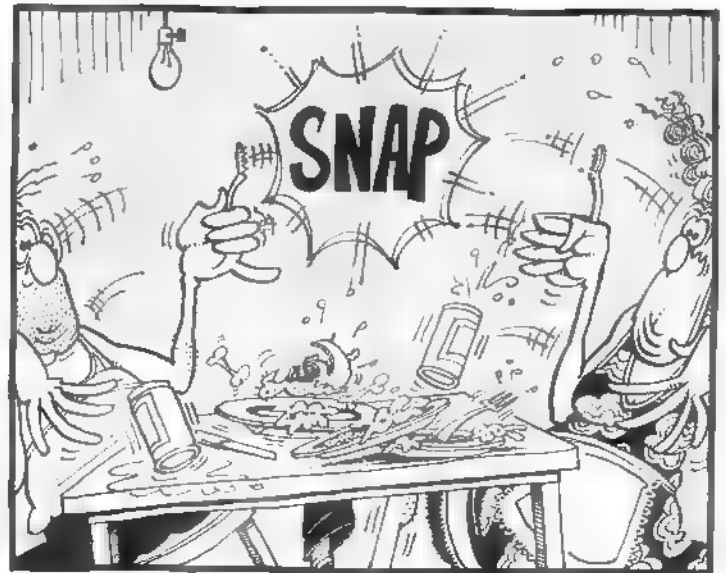
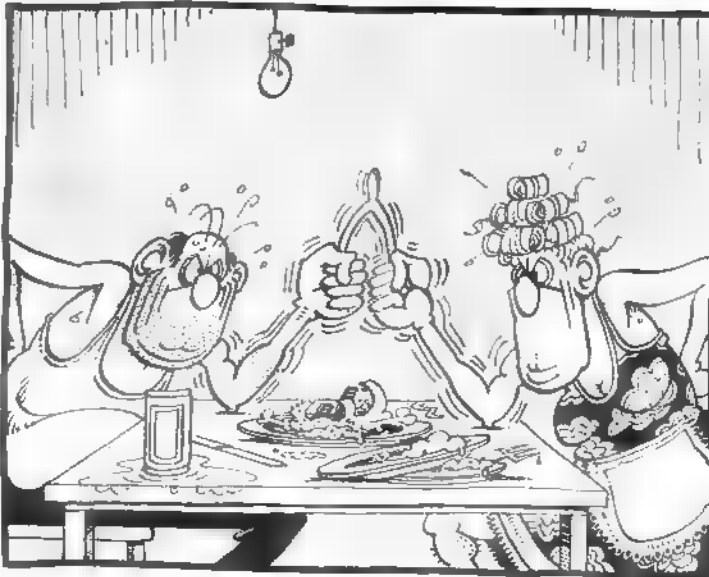
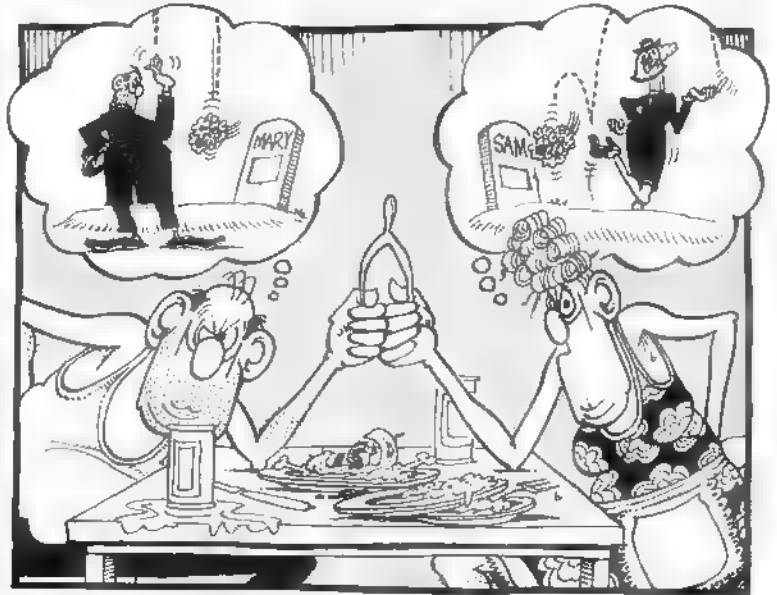
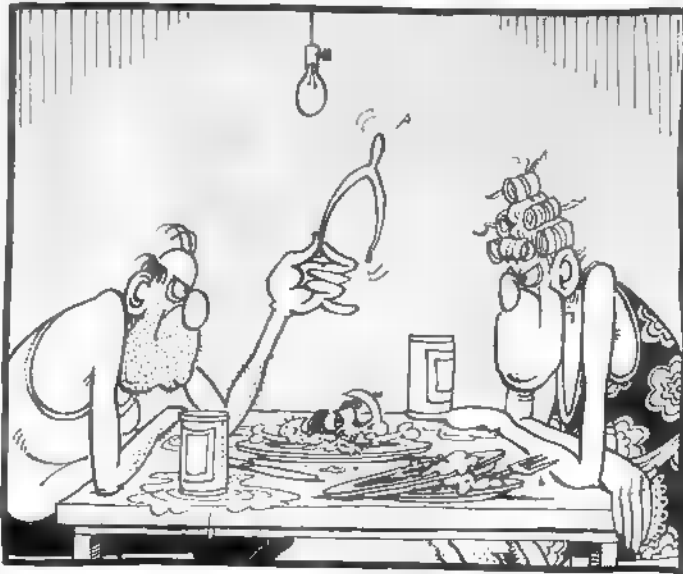






ARRONE

ONE DAY WITH A WISHBONE



In MAD #153 we took a job down memory lane in a nostalgic look at some typical sports movies of the past and present. In MAD #160 (that's *this* issue, stupid!) we are going to look at some typical religious movies of the past and present! How's that for a new departure!? Let's begin with



"Going Thy Way"

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

Young man, this is a house of worship and not a gymnasium! I'll be thanking you to take your golf shillelaghs and be on your way! And you might want to leave a contribution to our window fund...

Oh, are you collecting for a new stained glass window?

No, for an old plain glass window to replace that broken one! This isn't St. Patrick's, you know!

Why am I small? I think a stained glass window would really help dress up old Saint Simeon's, and with my help... oh, by the way, I'm Father O'Irish, your new assistant!

You're a priest? You look more like a gymnasium instructor with all them tools of the devil!

Now, Father McFitzpatrick, a little exercise never hurt St. George, did it? Besides, a golf bag's a fine place to carry a bit of fine Irish Whiskey!



PRIVATE

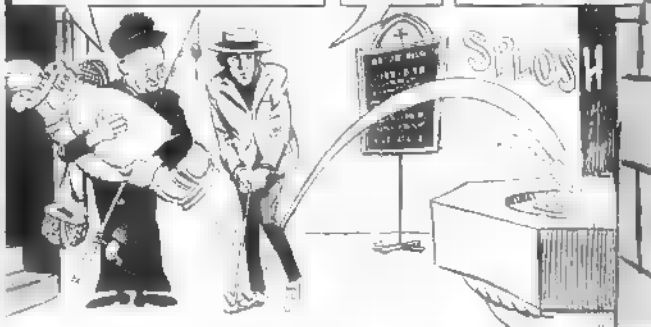
I niver touch the stuff except for medical reasons. However, I do feel a bit of a chill comin' on ...



An' why would the Bishop be sendin' me an assistant? I've handled things here for 60 years by meself. Besides, people don't come to Saint Simeon's like they did in the good old days. The young folks would rather hang around the pool hall than come to church!

Our job is to bring the straying lambs back into the fold!

How do you propose we do that? Grab them whippersnappers by the scruff of the neck and drag them in? I tried it and it didn't work!!



"If Muhammad won't come to the mountain, then move the mountain to Muhammad."

Saints preserve us! I won't have that kind of blasphemy in me own church!

It's just a saying, Father! I mean that the kids prefer the pool hall, move the pool hall to the church! We'll put billiard tables in the basement!



Hi, boys, I'm Father O'Irish. I'm starting a choir and I thought some of you might like to join!

Look, Faddah, we don't go fer that sissy stuff, like singin'!

I sing and I don't think it's sissy stuff!

Oh, it's okay for priests—you wear skirts! I mean for US it's sissy stuff!



Well, suppose we make a little wager! Let's shoot a game of pool. If I win, you boys join the choir. If I lose, I pay the round and never mention choir to you again! Fair enough?



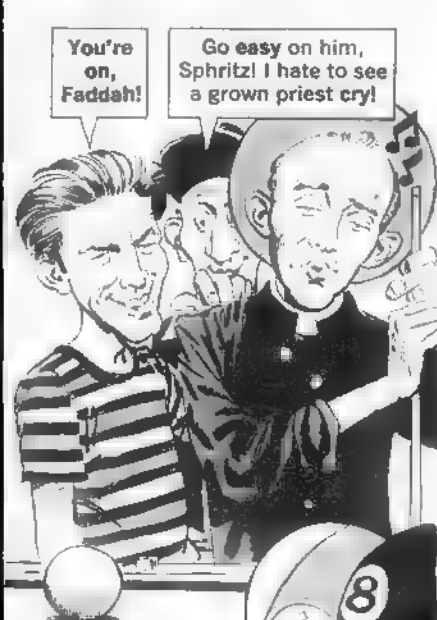
You're on, Faddah!


Go easy on him, Sphritz! I hate to see a grown priest cry!

Oh, these balls for Saint Simeon's I see they are falling ...

Hey, Faddah! You're a ringer! Where'dja learn to shoot like that?!

Not to mention that voice! He's almost as good as Sinatra!





It's nothing, fellas, just a little something I picked up working my way through college. Tell you what, I'll give you all some shooting lessons after choir practice!

Hey, guys, didja hear that? The Faddah's gonna teach us how to become pool hustlers!

Jeez, da Faddah's an all right guy!



Shpritz, you have a lovely soprano voice!

Tanks, Faddah! I'm sure glad you showed us how much fun choich can be!

Yeah, if it wasn't fer you, we'd be out on da streets doin' all kinds of horrible tings, like pickin' up goils!

Let's stop all dis gabbin' an sing before I rap yez all inna mou!



Sure, an' it's a miracle! A new stained glass window, an' people comin' to church like it was Easter Sunday! It's all your doin', Father O'Leary!

I just pointed the way, Father!



You're too modest, me lad! It was your idea to have Bingo, Monday through Thursday, a raffle every Friday, and a teenage dance on Saturday! Now if you can only come up with a way to get them to Mass on Sunday!

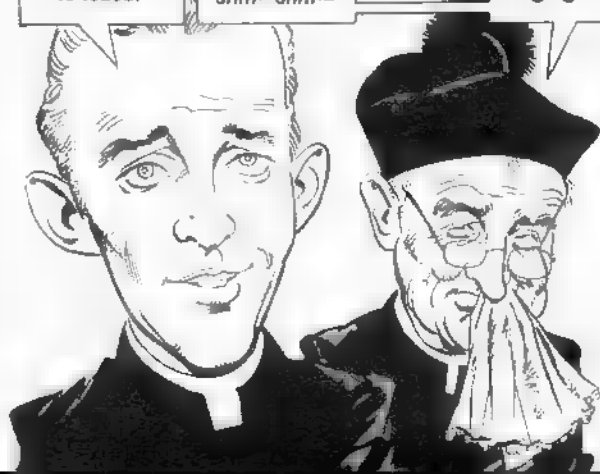


Father, my job here at Saint Simeon's is finished. I'm afraid I have to leave.

I'm going to miss you, lad. Especially the way you—sniff—sniff—

The way I sing those Irish ballads?

No, the way you call the numbers for the Bingo game!



Tu-ra-lu-ra-lu-ra, Father O'Leary!

And an N-27 to you, Father McFitzpatrick!

So long, Faddah! We're gonna miss youse!

So long, Minnesota!



...and like that! But today, religion is changing at such a fantastic pace that even the movies have trouble catching up! Movies like...

"Going Way Out"

What's shakin', baby? Where can I park my back-pack and sco-cycle?

I think you're in the wrong place, fella. This isn't a commune, it's Saint Simeon's—a church!

Keep the faith, baby! Kowalski's my name and preaching's my game! I'm your new assistant!

You're a priest? I don't believe it! You're not even Irish! And you've got long hair and a beard! And...

Don't knock!!! Some pretty big cats in our line had long hair and beards, dig?



I don't know why they gave me an assistant, anyway! Attendance isn't exactly booming!

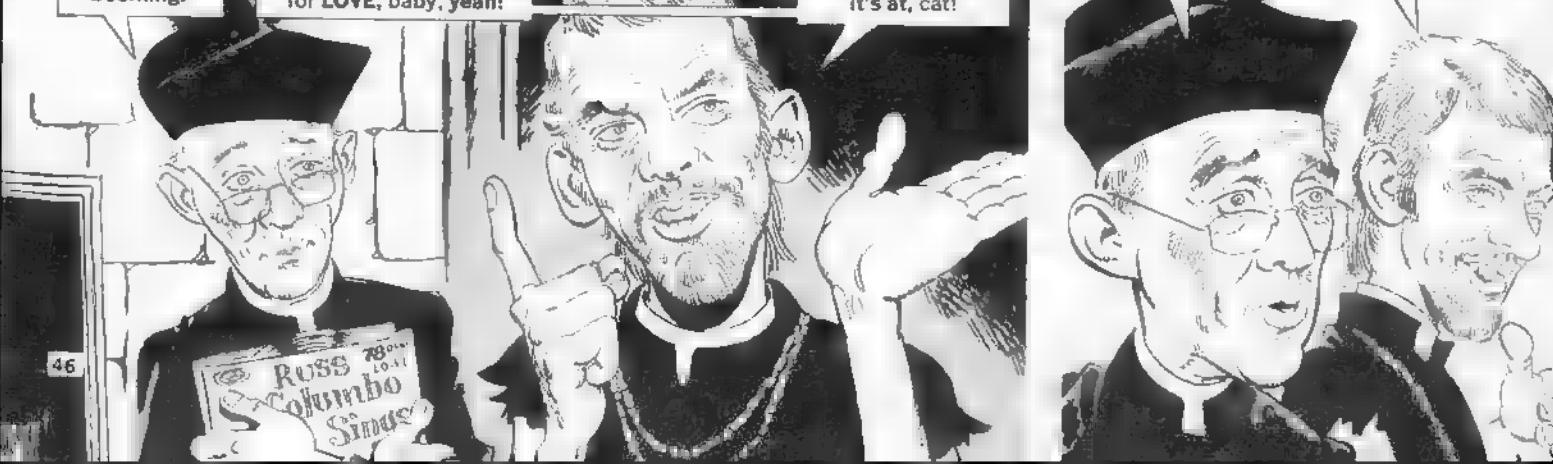
That's why I'm here, man! I'm gonna help zap the message to the people! We gotta tell them all about love! Let's hear it for LOVE, baby, yeah!

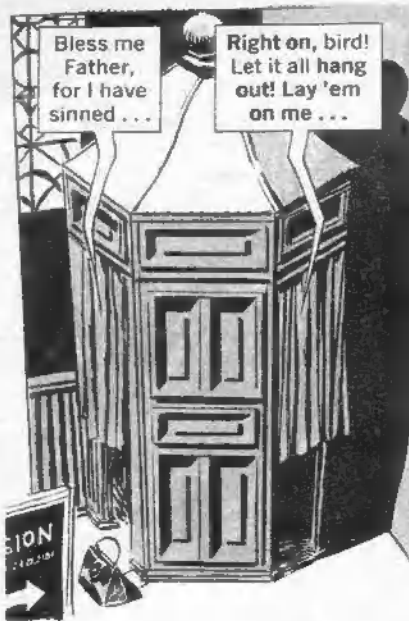
Uh, I heard that some of you new priests were very liberal, but, uh, you're not on anything, are you?

You mean the drug scene? No way, baby! I'm high on LOVE! I'm tripping on brotherhood! That's where it's at, cat!

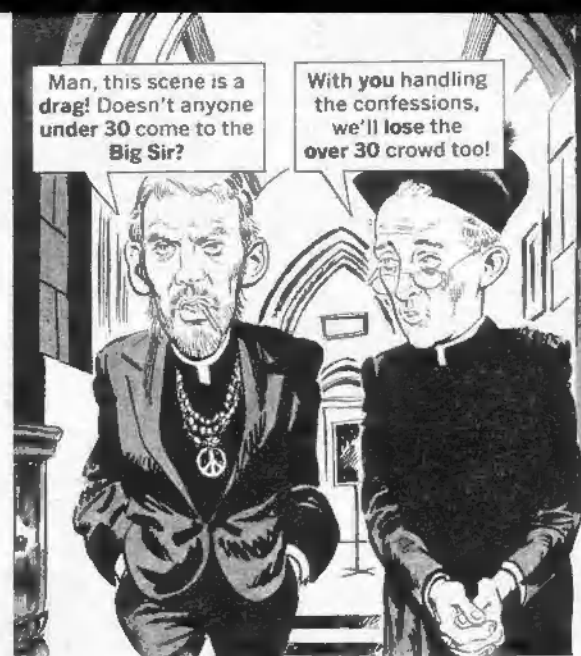
Well, uh, that's all very nice, but, uh, it's time for me to hear confessions!

Listen, suppose I take your gig and kinda feel my way around the new scene?





Right on, bird! Let it all hang out! Lay 'em on me ...



Actually, we used to have a lot of young people once, back in the days of the St. Louis Browns. We had a choir, too, but the kids today don't seem to enjoy things like singing "Swing On A Star"....

Well, they might dig the "swing" part, but the other old jazz is nowhere! Man, today is now! You gotta move with the times!

You mean like do the Mass in English?

No, Swahili! If we ain't with it, we ain't! Let me go out and round up the kids and let them know that the Church is where it's happening!



I'm not fuzz, cuzz, but I dig the sheep part! I wanna get you little lambs back into the fold! The Church is the only non-polluted meadow we got left, baby!

You putting us on? We don't dig the Holy scene!

The Church is establishment, man! And if we're anything, we're anti!

Brothers, I'm talking about the new Church—Saint Simeon's East! We're gonna get involved! Like start a Draft Resistor's Society and a Dump The War Sit-Down Group! Tell you what—I'll roll you for it! I win and you cats are in! I crap out, and I lose the bout! Am I covered?

Somewhat I got the feeling I saw this before ... in "Guys and Dolls" or something!

Okay, roll 'em!



Come seven, come eleven ...
For Our Father which art in Heaven!

**RATTLE
RATTLE**

Seven!
I win, cats,
so you win!

Hey, man, you shoot pretty
cool for a preacher!

In college they
called me the
Holy Roller!



What's going on
here? Who are
these things, and
what are they
doing in my church?

They're
attending
Sunday
services!

At 3 in
the morning,
on
Tuesday?!!

Everyday is Sunday if
you believe! Besides,
we've saving Sunday for
something special! There's
gonna be a wedding!

You mean
somebody's
actually
getting
married?

Right
on,
Man!
ME!

It figures—
nobody bothers
getting married
nowadays except
priests!



Father
Kowalski,
I have a
warrant for
your arrest!

What's the
charge?

Draft card
burning!

You're going
to arrest
a priest
for burning
a
draft card?

Not a draft card,
Father—seventy-
eight thousand
draft cards! He
set fire to the
Draft Board!

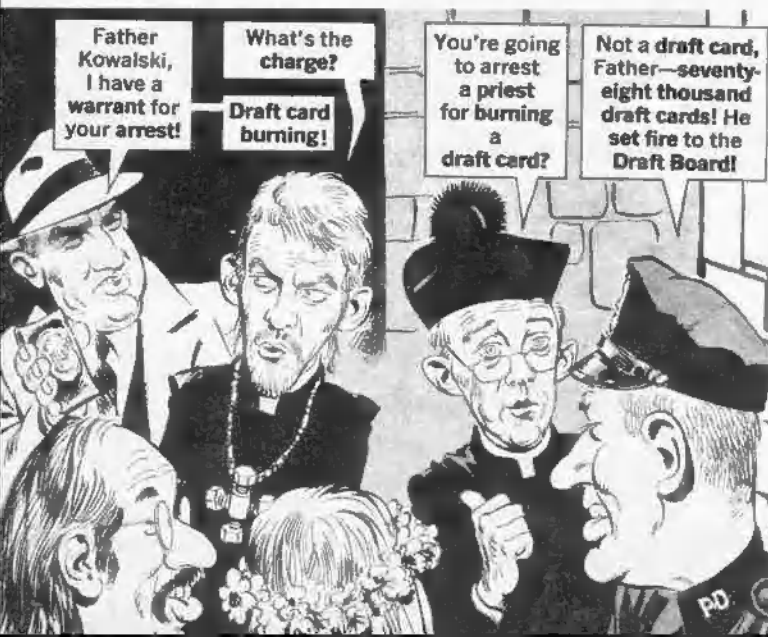
Hang in there, Father!

We shall
overcome,
Brother!

Keep
the faith,
baby!

He sure is a
strange one for
a priest, but
at least he got
the kids off the
street and back
to Church!

Yeah, now my
problem is how
do I get them
out of my
Church and
back on the
street?



WHICH OF
NATURE'S
RAVAGES
CONTINUES
TO DEFY
MODERN
TECHNOLOGY?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Man has been locked in battle with Nature since he first appeared on Earth! Although he has often won, there is one frustrating area where he hasn't even gained a toehold. To find out what this disastrous loss is, simply fold in the page as shown at right.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

GREAT ADVANCES MADE IN TECHNOLOGY TODAY ARE DOING
WONDERS IN PREVENTING DISASTERS. BUT ONE
BAD NATURAL CATASTROPHE HAS SCIENCE STOPPED COLD

A▶

◀B

KEEP AMERICA BEAUTIFUL



ANOTHER
MAD
MINI-
POSTER